SECRETARY'S REPORT

CLASS OF 1866

HARVARD COLLEGE

1901-1906

THE ELEVENTH

SECRETARY'S REPORT

OF

THE CLASS OF 1866

OF

HARVARD COLLEGE

JUNE, 1901 — JUNE, 1906

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BOSTON
Printed for the use of the Class
1906

CLASS COMMITTEE.

CHARLES EDWIN STRATTON, *Class Secretary.*
JOHN DAVIS WILLIAMS.
WILLIAM GILSON FARLOW.

The Secretary's address is 68 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

Classmates:

This is the fortieth anniversary of our graduation, and here is your record of another period of five years.

Our advancing years are marked by an increasing number of deaths. Nine have fallen out of the ranks, instead of five, as in the last two *lustra*. Eight of the nine died between May, 1903, and May, 1905. You will find appreciative notices of all the nine,—Arnold, Blaikie, Brigham, Capen, Gray, O. L. Leonard, Stafford, Tiffany, and F. Wright. *Requiescant in pace!*

On the other hand, the grandchildren come trooping in almost too numerous to count—by an old bachelor. But we are still young. Were any proof of this needed, I should refer you to two recent marriages and four new children.

I have ventured to add extracts from a diary kept in the first term of our Freshman and the last term of our Senior years, hoping that they may bring back some pleasant memories to us all.

I trust that you will be pleased with the photograph book.

Once more let me thank you for your kind letters, and tell you I am very sorry I have not been able to answer them as fully and appreciatively as I would have liked.

And now let me wish you, many happy years to you and yours.

CHARLES E. STRATTON,

Class Secretary.

68 Devonshire Street,
Boston, June 22, 1906.

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NAMES OF THE CLASS.

The names of those who did not receive a degree of A.B. with the Class are printed in *italics*.

Abbott, Samuel Appleton Browne
Abercrombie, Daniel Putnam
Apthorp, John Vaughan
*Arnold, Francis Benjamin 1906
*Bangs, Elisha Dillingham 1900
Banker, Benson Beriah
Batchelor, George
Bent, George Conway
Bigelow, George Tyler
*Blaikie, William 1904
Blair, Henry Gorham
Blake, William Payne
Boutwell, Henry Thatcher
Bowen, Holder Borden
*Brewer, John Dominis 1879
*Briggs, Joseph Emmons 1867
*Brigham, Charles Brooks 1903
*Bright, Nathaniel Francis 1880
Brinckerhoff, Henry Waller
Brown, Edwin Clarence
*Brown, Frederick John 1900
Buswell, Henry Foster
*Capen, Edward Augustus 1905
*Carpenter, Francis Augustus 1867
Carpenter, James Emerson
Case, Albertson
Cate, Albion
Chace, George Frederick
**Chamberlin, Henry Harmon* 1864
*Clark, Edward Henry 1885
*Clark, John 1870
Clark, Theodore Minot
*Coppenhagen, John Henry 1900
Crowninshield, Frederic
Curtis, John Green
*Dabney, Frederick 1892
Danforth, Allen
Derby, Samuel Carroll
Dickinson, Edward Brown
Dixon, Lewis Seaver
Drone, Eaton Sylvester
Dunbar, Alexander Donley
Dwight, Thomas
Emerson, Edward Waldo
*Emery, George Frederic 1873
Farlow, William Gilson
Farnham, Edwin
**Farquhar, David Webber* 1905
Fenno, Edward Nicoll
Fiske, Amos Kidder
**Fiske, Charles* 1876
Flagg, George Augustus
Forbes, James Murray
*French, Samuel Quarles 1872
Gale, Justin Edwards
Garland, James Smith
Goodman, William Austin
*Gray, Francis Calley 1903
Greenleaf, Eugene Douglass
Greenleaf, Richard Cranch

* Deceased.

Gregg, James Bartlett
Harrington, Edward Johnston 1877
Harris, Francis Augustine
Haskell, William Abraham
Haskins, David Greene
Hatch, George Harsha 1865
Hawes, James William
Hayes, William Allen
*Holden, Artemas Rogers 1884
Irons, Alfred Brayton 1894
*Jones, Claudius Marcellus 1892
Kettell, George Adams
Ladd, William Jones
Lawrence, Nisbet 1868
Leonard, Amos Morse
*Leonard, Otis Liscome 1903
Littlefield, George Emery
Locke, William Newhall 1865
Longstreth, Morris
*Longworth, Nicholas 1890
Loud, John Jacob
*Lovering, James Walker 1895
McBurney, Charles
McKim, Haslett
Mason, John James
Mayer, Henry Christian
Murdock, Lewis Champlin
*Nelson, Thomas 1897
Norton, John Leonard
Osgood, George Laurie
*Otis, Robert Mendum 1886
Parker, James Oscar
*Parker, William Levi 1888
Peabody, Robert Swain
Peirce, Edward Foster
Perkins, Edward Cranch
Perry, Thomas Sergeant
*Pratt, George Greenleaf 1890
Putnam, James Jackson
Robinson, George Francis
*Rolfe, Henry 1895
Sargent, William Story
Shaw, Thomas Pierpont
Shortlidge, Swithin Chandler
Skillings, William Edward
Smith, Frank Matson
*Stackpole, Stephen Henry 1886
*Stafford, Marshall Paddock 1904
Stoddard, Francis Russell
Stoddard, William Prescott
Storey, Moorfield
Stratton, Charles Edwin
*Tate, Henry Marshall 1897
Taylor, John Ward
Thorndike, John Larkin
*Tiffany, William George 1905
Tower, Charles Bates
Tudor, Frederic 1902
Underwood, Melvin, Augustus
Vinton, Alfred Clarence
Virgin, Samuel Henderson
Ward, Thomas Wren
Wate, Theodore Murray
Watson, John Henry
Welles, George Derby
Wellett, Charles
Wheeler, Leonard
*Whittemore, John Marshall 1893
*Wilkinson, Edward Tuckerman
Willard, Joseph Henry [1873
Williams, John Davis
Wingate, Abbott Pomeroy 1865
Wright, Edmund Wentworth
*Wright, Frank 1903
Wright, Theodore Francis

Whole number, 135. Number of those who graduated with the Class, 112, of whom there are living 78.

* Deceased.

ADDRESSES OF THE CLASS.

Samuel A. B. Abbott, Villa Lontana, via Cassia, Rome, Italy.
Daniel P. Abercrombie, Turner's Falls.
Benson B. Banker, 9 Sumner, Dorchester.
Rev. George Batchelor, 11 Traill, Cambridge, or 272 Congress, Boston.
George C. Bent, care Penn. R.R. Co., Harrisburg, Pa.
Henry G. Blair, 425 Winthrop Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
William P. Blake, 27 Kilby, Boston.
Dr. Henry T. Boutwell, Manchester, N.H.
Holder B. Bowen, 25 Charles Field, Providence, R.I.
Henry W. Brinckerhoff, 394 Jefferson Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Henry F. Buswell, 518 Tremont Building, Boston.
James E. Carpenter, 79 Wall, New York, N.Y.
Albertson Case, Southold, Suffolk Co., N.Y.
Albion Cate, 131 La Salle, Chicago, Ill.
George F. Chace, 94 County, Taunton.
Theodore M. Clark, 15 Beacon, Boston.
Frederic Crowninshield, 42 W. 18th, New York, N.Y.
Dr. John G. Curtis, 327 W. 58th, New York, N.Y.
Allen Danforth, 50 State, Boston.
Prof. S. Carroll Derby, 93 Fifteenth Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.
Dr. Lewis S. Dixon, 258 Newbury, Boston.
Eaton S. Drone, Zanesville, Ohio.
Alexander D. Dunbar, 517 St. James, Peekskill, N.Y.
Dr. Thomas Dwight, 235 Beacon, Boston, or Harvard Medical School.
Dr. Edward W. Emerson, Concord.
Prof. William G. Farlow, 24 Quincy, Cambridge.
Dr. Edwin Farnham, 5 Hilliard, Cambridge.
Edward N. Fenno, 60 Devonshire, Boston.
Amos K. Fiske, Century Club, 7 W. 43d, New York, N.Y.
George A. Flagg, 12 Ashburton Place, Boston; and Holliston.
Justin E. Gale, Weston, or 53 State, Boston.
James S. Garland, Concord.
W. Austin Goodman, 1610 First National Bank Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Eugene D. Greenleaf, 53 State, Boston.
Dr. Richard C. Greenleaf, Lenox, or 27 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Rev. James B. Gregg, 9 E. Dale, Colorado Springs, Col.
Dr. Francis A. Harris, 43 Tremont, Boston; and Winthrop.
Dr. William A. Haskell, Alton, Ill.
David G. Haskins, 1075 Mass. Avenue, Cambridge; 5 Tremont, Boston.
James W. Hawes, 35 Nassau, New York, N.Y.
William A. Hayes, 2d, 605 Sears Building, Boston.
George A. Kettell, 50 Congress, Boston.
Amos M. Leonard, Lawrence School, So. Boston.
George E. Littlefield, 67 Cornhill, Boston.
Dr. Morris Longstreth, 1416 Spruce, Philadelphia, Pa.
John J. Loud, 87 Commercial, Weymouth.
Dr. Charles McBurney, 28 W. 37th, New York, N.Y.
Rev. Haslett McKim, 9 W. 48th, New York, N.Y., or Locust Point, N.J.
Dr. John J. Mason, Newport, R.I.
Rev. Henry C. Mayer, Avenida, Madrid 53, City of Mexico, Mexico.
Lewis C. Murdock, 68 E. 77th, New York, N.Y.
John L. Norton, 460 McLemore Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
George L. Osgood, care Brown Shipley & Co., London, Eng.
James O. Parker.
Robert S. Peabody, 919 Exchange Building, Boston.
Edward F. Peirce, Yarmouthport.
Edward C. Perkins, 706 Sears Building, Boston; and Milton.
Thomas S. Perry, 312 Marlborough, Boston; care Perier & Cie., 59 rue de Provence, Paris, France.
Dr. James J. Putnam, 106 Marlborough, Boston.
George F. Robinson, Kennebunk, Me. Box 75.
Dr. Thomas P. Shaw, 110 Eighteenth, Lowell.
Swithin C. Shortlidge, Media, Pa.
William E. Skillings, West Paris, Me.
Francis R. Stoddard, Lawrence, Long Island, N.Y.
William P. Stoddard, Shirley Place, Plymouth, Mass.
Moorfield Storey, 53 State, Boston, Mass.
Charles E. Stratton, 68 Devonshire, Boston, Mass.
John W. Taylor, care Union Bank of London, Ltd., London, Eng.
John L. Thorndike, 53 State, Boston, Mass.
Melvin A. Underwood, Custom House, Boston, and 39 Falmouth, Boston, Mass.
Alfred C. Vinton, 19 Milk, Boston, Mass.; and 109 Main, Winchester, Mass.
Thomas W. Ward, 6 E. 9th, New York City.
Rev. John H. Watson, 51 W. 75th, New York City.
George D. Welles, 16 Avenue Bugeaud, Paris, France.
Dr. Leonard Wheeler, 28 Elm, Worcester, Mass.
John D. Williams, 160 State, Boston, Mass.

Edmund W. Wright, Old Orchard, Me.
Rev. Theodore F. Wright, 42 Quincy, Cambridge, Mass.

John V. Apthorp, Tremont Building, Boston.
George T. Bigelow, care L. S. Dabney, 53 State, Boston.
Edwin C. Brown, 658 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Edward B. Dickinson, Jefferson Building, Brooklyn, N.Y.; 350 Fulton.
J. Murray Forbes, 107 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
William J. Ladd, Sears Building, Boston, Mass.; Milton, Mass.
William S. Sargent, 360 High, West Medford, Mass.
Charles B. Tower, 1 Waterhouse, Cambridge, Mass.
Rev. Samuel H. Virgin, D.D., 251 Lenox Avenue, New York City.
Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph H. Willard, U.S.A., Newport, R.I.

RECORD OF THE CLASS

JUNE, 1901—JUNE, 1906.

SAMUEL APPLETON BROWNE ABBOTT. Born, 1846.

He has continued to live at Rome, with yearly visits in the summer to his family home at Wellesley Hills, Mass. Until July, 1893, he continued as Director of the American Academy at Rome, since then he has been "one of the great unoccupied." In 1902 he was made Honorary Member of the American Institute of Architects, and in 1903 Trustee of the American Academy in Rome. He is the proud grandfather of four grandchildren.

He says: "My life will not add much to the bulk of your report. I have done nothing the last five years, and feel that I ought not to have a class or a country, but fortunately for me we are not always rewarded according to our demerits, so I have both, and the best of both, too. If I am not with you in body at Commencement, I shall be with you in spirit, and will drink the health of the Class wherever I am."

DANIEL PUTNAM ABERCROMBIE. Born 1844.

He has continued Cashier of the Crocker National Bank at Turner's Falls, Mass., and points with pride to four Abercrombie grandchildren.

*FRANCIS BENJAMIN ARNOLD

Was born June 25, 1844, and fitted for college at Exeter, and after graduation returned to New York to live, and there spent the greater part of his life in the business of importing and buying coffee,—at first with his father in the firm of B. G. Arnold &

Co., and later for many years as the senior member of the firm of Arnold, Dorr & Co.

March 6, 1869, he was married to Augusta Foote, daughter of Elisha and Eunice Newton Foote. He retired from business about a year ago, as his health had gradually failed since his wife's death in 1904. His health became seriously affected, and he developed serious trouble with the heart. Last winter he went to Rome, with the expectation of improving his health. In this he was at first successful, but later grew worse, and died there February 5, 1906.

Circumstances prevented our seeing a great deal of our classmate while in college. At school and in college he was a generous, enthusiastic boy and youth, much interested in reading as well as in out-of-door sports. Both these interests remained dear to him during his life. Until his health began to fail, he played golf and tennis, and was always the first to open the fishing season at his club. He studied hard at botany, and there never was a time when he was not intellectually interested. In the latter part of his life he met adverse circumstances with marked courage and cheerfulness.

His classmate at Exeter, his chum in college, his friend in after-life, I speak from intimate knowledge of him. The noticeable and admirable traits which he showed at school and at college developed with him as he grew to manhood, and made those of us who knew him well say of him: The man has fulfilled the best promises of his youth, and he leaves us loved by his friends and respected by all whom he met in the business walks of life. Would that his surviving children could realize how his intimates among us share in the sense of personal loss they feel so deeply! G. A. F.

*ELISHA DILLINGHAM BANGS. Born at Brewster, Mass., September 29, 1844. Died at Winchester, Mass., September 19, 1900.

BENSON BERIAH BANKER. Born 1843.

He has continued to live in Boston, engaged in business. For

the last two years he has decorated and cheered the office of the Class Secretary. His wife died December 28, 1904.

GEORGE BATCHELOR. Born 1836.

He has continued as editor of the *Christian Register*, having his business office in Boston, and residing at Cambridge as before. He was Chairman of the Council of the National Unitarian Conference from September, 1903, to September, 1905. He is the author of "Social Equilibrium, and Other Essays," Geo. H. Ellis, publisher, 1887. He gives the names of ten grandchildren, and I dare say there are some back counties yet to hear from.

He says: "I note with pleasure the kind invitation to spend the morning at Lincoln, to include children and grandchildren. If you will provide a private car for the twenty-one members of my family, with the nurses that it would be necessary to take, I will do what I can to muster the clan in full force. I have lived my forty years since I graduated mostly in peace with my fellow-men, with a moderate supply of physical energy, which has been at times depleted by illness to such an extent that my physician tells me, now about to pass my seventieth birthday, that I have had ill-health enough to know how to take care of myself, and may run on indefinitely without further winding up. I shall attend the Class Supper, and I hope I may take the hand and look into the face of every living classmate."

GEORGE CONWAY BENT. Born 1844.

He has continued to live at Harrisburg, Pa., and is a Special Agent for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

* WILLIAM BLAIKIE.

When Blaikie first settled in New York, for the practice of the law, he continued to take a keen interest in college athletics, especially boating, and for some years attended the annual boat races, usually acting as correspondent of the New York *Herald*, and giving graphic descriptions of the contests. Later he gave more attention to physical exercise as a means of maintaining health and strength, and besides writing his book, "How to Get Strong and How to Stay So," wrote articles for periodicals and

delivered lectures on the subject. After his marriage he lived for many years at Englewood, N.J., where he brought up a large family of children, and led a domestic and religious life. He was little seen in the social life of the city, and joined none of the clubs or associations of college men.

In his profession he was active and zealous and conscientiously devoted to the interests of his clients. He was not a very close or patient student of principles and precedents, but relied rather upon a general knowledge acquired by casual investigation, practice, and observation, and upon his judgment of what was right, and his zeal and energy in maintaining it. He was a ready and earnest speaker, though lacking in the grace and skill of the clever advocate. He was a useful attorney, active, straightforward, and faithful at all times.

The litigation in which he attracted public attention was the Fayerweather will case. Daniel B. Fayerweather died in 1890, leaving a large estate, the greater part of which was bequeathed in various sums to about twenty institutions of learning. He left a widow, who died in 1892, and three nieces as his only heirs-at-law and next of kin. The will was contested after the death of the widow by her executors and the surviving heirs-at-law, for whom Blaikie appeared as attorney and counsel. The contention was that certain releases obtained from the widow and nieces were fraudulent, void, and that the bequest to colleges, under an old statute of New York, was valid to only the extent of one-half. For more than ten years Blaikie devoted himself to this case with characteristic zeal, energy, and tenacity, but was defeated at every point to a final appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. Although the stipulated payment from his clients lapsed after a few months, he had so much faith in the final outcome that he became absorbed in the contest to the neglect of other opportunities for practice. So convinced was he of the justice of the cause that it is said that the crushing of his faith in the integrity of the judiciary was a severer blow to him than the disappointment of defeat or the pecuniary loss. There is no doubt but this contributed to his death.

In pecuniary matters Blaikie was not sufficiently solicitous for his own interests. He was over-generous, and ready to help others at the sacrifice of self, and had too little of the worldly prudence that calculates closely the assets and liabilities of life, and keeps a favorable balance sheet. But there was a rugged conscientiousness in his nature, and a desire always to be and to do right, which was sustained by an ardent religious sentiment.

One of the causes to which he was early devoted, besides the health and strength of the physical nature, was the purity of the moral nature. Besides "How to Get Strong and How to Stay So," of which a second edition was published, he wrote "Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls" (1884), and "Personal Purity" (1888). He also lectured and talked to Young Men's Christian Associations on "Personal Purity," and received many tokens of the influence he had exerted on the character of the young.

Blaikie brought up his family of four daughters and two sons with all the advantages a most generous father could give them. His son Cameron took special courses at the Lawrence Scientific School in 1899, and is now a broker in New York City. The other son, Stuart, was graduated from the Academic Department of Harvard in 1903, and is employed by the Western Electric Company. One daughter, Lillias S., was graduated at Smith College in 1897. The youngest, Mary Kerr, is now a student there. With the exception of this last, the daughters are all teachers.

Not long after his second marriage Blaikie gave up his home at Englewood, and lived quietly at a boarding-house in the city. He was not much addicted to social life, and his friends or few classmates in New York saw little of him except for a casual meeting on the street or in some public place. But, when one did meet him, it was the same hearty, whole-souled Blaikie as of old, fond of telling about himself and hearing about others. It was characteristic of him always to wish to do something that might help others. If his professional life was not highly successful, it was not from failure to make faithful use of such faculties and opportunities as he was favored with, according to his own best lights. He never lost that fervor of feeling and

devotion to what he believed to be his duty, or that devout religious conviction which seemed to have been early instilled in a receptive nature. Rugged, honest, fearless, and faithful to the end was the character of "Bill" Blaikie. A. K. F.

His account of his forbears in the Class Book shows that he came from a vigorous race. His ancestors were mainly Scotch, with a single strain of Irish blood through his mother's grandfather, who was brought to America at the age of four years, and lived to serve with distinction in the Revolutionary War. All were strong, God-fearing men and women. His father was a Presbyterian clergyman, who came to Boston when William was a boy, and is well remembered by many of his son's friends as a dignified and attractive personality.

William was born in New York, and spent a year in Pennsylvania, but before he was four years of age was brought to Boston, where he lived till September, 1869. He graduated at the Harvard Law School in June, 1868, and then for a year was in the office of Chandler, Shattuck & Thayer in Boston. He was appointed chief of the Pardon Bureau in the office of the Attorney-General of the United States by Mr. Evarts, and held that position until November, 1870, when he became an Assistant United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. On January 1, 1871, he left that office, and began the private practice of the law in New York, which continued to be his occupation till his death. He was twice married. His first wife was Isabella Stewart Briggs, of Harrisburg, Pa., who was the mother of six children, and his second was Rebecca Wilmot Scott, of Kentucky.

The strong interest in athletics which distinguished him at school and in college endured throughout his life, and in addition to his very successful book, "How to Get Strong and How to Stay So," published by the Harpers in 1879, he contributed many articles to newspapers and magazines on the subject, and was a recognized authority on athletic questions. In 1888 he published a second book, entitled "Personal Purity," in which he took a high and manly stand against vice. As a lawyer,

he was industrious, persevering, zealous, faithful to his client, unsparing to himself, and absolutely honorable. The great Fayerweather will case, to which he devoted much of his life for some years, gave him an opportunity to exhibit his best qualities, and, confident in the justice of his cause, he was naturally disappointed at the adverse decision which ended the litigation. His family and his friends were justified in expecting for him long years of usefulness, crowned by a happy and honored age, when his death at sixty-one brought his healthy and vigorous life to what seems an untimely close.

It is hard for us who have known him from boyhood to realize that "Bill Blaikie," as he will always be to us, is indeed dead. When the writer first met him, he was thirteen years old, a manly, generous, frank, and merry boy. Somewhat rough at times, he was never ill-natured nor mean, and during the years that have passed since he first took his seat by my side in the Latin School I have never known him guilty of any unmanly or ungenerous act or word, nor do I remember his ever losing his temper.

His nature was essentially sunny, wholesome, and frank. His standards were high. He did not criticize his friends, nor join in detraction of any one. His copious conversation left no unpleasantness behind, and we could be sure that wherever "Bill Blaikie" was, and no matter how many years had passed, he was always the same, ever loyal to his friends, glad to rejoice in their successes, quick to sorrow in their griefs, envying no one his good fortune, and accepting without complaint or repining whatever fate brought to himself. It was always a pleasure to meet him, and it is sad to realize that his familiar face and figure will no longer cheer our class reunions.

He did his part in life manfully and well. He shirked no responsibilities of man or citizen. Whatever his hand found to do, he did with all his might, and we are glad to believe that he has left behind him children who will keep alive his high standards and follow his manly example.

Among our sunny memories of school and college there are

few that are fresher or brighter, less tainted by any shadow of reserve or doubt, than those which cluster around the name of William Blaikie. M. S.

HENRY GORHAM BLAIR. Born 1843.

He has been with the Quartermaster's Department of the United States Army at Philadelphia until August 1, 1905, and then at Newburg, N.Y., and has now retired.

He says: "I enclose a photograph as you request. You will observe that I am fully as *handsome* as you would expect from the rich promise of my college days. However, if the 'fatal gift of beauty' has been denied me by a kind Providence, I trust that you will not think the less of me for that. My mustache is white, but my hair—what there is left of it—still keeps its original color, and I am still as 'lank and lean' as in the old days of forty years ago. I expect to go to my son in Chicago, who is all that is left of my family, and pass the remainder of my days with him, and watch my two grandsons grow up, and perhaps the name of Blair may once more appear in the Harvard catalogue."

WILLIAM PAYNE BLAKE. Born 1846.

He has continued to live and practise law at Boston, especially occupied in the charge of trust estates. He says: "I regret that I have no important work to record since the last Class Report. Let me, however, at least assure you that my professional work and outside interests continue to give me much happiness and satisfaction. It is my ambition to keep on doing the same work for about ten years longer, and then it will probably become the part of discretion, if not necessity, to take the rest of life as easily as may be possible. In the mean time I send my kindest regards to you one and all."

HENRY THATCHER BOUTWELL. Born 1844.

He has continued in the practice of medicine at Manchester, N.H.

HOLDER BORDEN BOWEN. Born 1844.

He has continued to live at Providence, R.I., and to be engaged in the occupation of "loafing."

* JOHN DOMINIS BREWER. Born at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, July 30, 1845. Died at Honolulu, July 12, 1878.

* JOSEPH EMMONS BRIGGS. Born in Dighton, Mass., April 6, 1842. Died in Burlington, Ia., May 4, 1867.

* CHARLES BROOKS BRIGHAM.

Charles Brooks Brigham, born in Boston, January 17, 1845, was the son of William Brigham and Margarett Austin (Brooks) Brigham. His ancestor, Thomas Brigham, came to this country from England in 1635, and, on his mother's side, Thomas Brooks came from Suffolk, England, and settled in Watertown, Mass., in 1631. From his parents he inherited his large stature, his activity, and his spirit of independence.

After attending several schools in country towns and in Boston, he entered the Boston Latin School where he fitted for college. Although the study of the classical languages was not specially attractive to him, he had a good rank in the class, spending, however, a good deal of his time in college in the pursuit of natural history,—a subject not recognized at that time as a part of the regular course. He wrote to the Class Secretary that he had amused himself "at times in writing poetry, writing for prizes in English and Latin," besides songs for various occasions. He received three prizes, while at college, for declamation and reading. From what has been said, it will be seen that he was both active and versatile. Knowing his fondness for natural history, it was natural that he should choose medicine as a profession, and immediately after graduation he joined the class of Jeffries Wyman in anatomy. The small class of which he was a member was the last to which Wyman gave instruction, for failing health obliged him to dismiss the class soon afterwards. To have been under Wyman, even for a short time, was a privilege for which all his students

were grateful, and all recognized in him the true scientific spirit.

Brigham entered the Harvard Medical School in November, 1866, and remained until April, 1869, when he was appointed surgical interne at the Boston City Hospital. He resigned his place before the end of his year of service, and received the degree of M.D. from Harvard in March, 1870. He then went to France, and in the following August was chosen surgeon-in-chief of the "Ambulance Internationale Française de l'Ecole Forestière de Nancy." He held this position during the Franco-Prussian War, and distinguished himself as an operating surgeon, one of his successful cases being the "disarticulation at the shoulder joint in a phthisical patient," of which he kept the bones removed in a glass case in his office at San Francisco, where, in after years, he used to show them with pride to visiting classmates. For his services during the war he received the bronze cross of the "Internationale" Society, the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and that of the Iron Cross of Prussia. His experience during the war was invaluable in preparing him for his future career as a surgeon, for a very large number of cases came under his charge in the few months of his foreign service.

He returned to America in 1872, and settled in San Francisco, where he remained until his death, devoting himself to private and hospital practice, in which he achieved a reputation as a daring and successful operator. He was surgeon to the California Woman's Hospital, and to St. Luke's and the French Hospitals in San Francisco, and, in addition, held several other official positions of a professional character. Of his writings it is hardly possible to speak here in detail, as they were mainly technical. His first publication was an Essay on Diabetes Mellitus, for which he received the first prize of the Boylston Medical Society in 1868. He also published numerous other papers in connection with his work in the Franco-Prussian War, and his private practice, of which the one best known to the unprofessional public is that describing a successful operation for extirpation of the stomach.

On April 23, 1879 he was married to Miss Alice Wyer Bab-

cock, of San Francisco, and to them were born three children: Alice Wyer, born in 1880; William Babcock, in 1881; and Kate Duer, in 1882. He has himself left a record of the happiness of his married life, which should be given in his own words. In the Secretary's Report for 1896 we read, "Brigham fills the marriage blank in the circular with 'Seventeen years ago to-day, and happier than ever.'" Although Brigham had always possessed a health and strength which were the envy of his less fortunate classmates, in the summer of 1903 he appeared to be suffering from overwork, accompanied by a disturbance of the heart's action, and he was obliged to rest,—not an easy matter for one of his naturally active habits. He went to his summer house on Lake Tahoe, but, contrary to expectation, he found no relief, but suffered more acutely, and he was ordered by his physician to return to the coast, although in his condition so long a journey was not without danger. He succeeded in reaching San Francisco, where he suffered less than in the mountains, but gradually grew more feeble, and died on August 24, his wife and children at his side.

Although after his graduation at the Medical School the Class had few opportunities of seeing Brigham, since his professional duties in San Francisco rarely permitted him to come East, none of us have forgotten the Brigham of college days, with his marked characteristics, both of person and manner. He was preeminently the picturesque member of the Class, and one can still see him with his large cape-cloak flying, rather than walking, through the yard, waving his arms and shouting a greeting to his classmates in a manner all his own. There are few to whom nature has given a character so transparent as his, for with him conventionalities counted as nothing, and for him to believe that a certain course was right meant that he would pursue that course, no matter whether others thought it prudent or not. He never hesitated from reasons of policy to condemn openly what he thought was wrong, and he was outspoken even to his own temporary disadvantage, as, when an interne at the City Hospital, he vigorously protested against the treatment of the internes by the political director of the hospital, and finally re-

signed his place rather than submit to a policy recognized as degrading by the professional staff, but which they were unable to prevent. His manly conduct in this case turned out to be fortunate in the end, for, receiving his medical degree earlier than his colleagues, he was free, on the breaking out of the Franco-German War shortly after, to enter the hospital service abroad, where he distinguished himself as a surgeon.

Another characteristic of Brigham was his optimism. The possibility of failure weighed far less with him than the hope of success, and, feeling confident in the result, he did not hesitate in his practice to attempt operations which a less hopeful surgeon would have avoided, if possible, and in two cases well known to the profession, an excision of the scapula and a removal of the stomach, he confirmed the saying that fortune favors the brave.

After settling in San Francisco, his life was devoted to his family and his profession. Occasionally a classmate dropped in on him, and was received with the geniality and hospitality natural to him. The writer of these lines recalls with pleasure his visit in 1885. He was still the same old Brigham, and twenty years had not changed his manner nor blunted his enthusiasm. One could see in his surroundings the tastes of his younger days. The house, which looked out on the grand panorama of the Golden Gate, was filled with beautiful objects collected during a trip to Japan, and back of the house was just what one would have known that Brigham would have,—a beautiful garden full of roses such as we in the East can only imagine. There he passed his happiest years with his wife and children, to whom he was devoted.

Since that now remote date the writer has seen Brigham but once, when he came to Cambridge to secure rooms for his son, about entering college. He dropped in unexpectedly at the lunch hour, when it happened that there were in the house two ladies whom he had known when he was in college. His perennial youthfulness was contagious. Thirty-five years disappeared in an instant, we were back again in the college days of

sixty-six, and, regardless of hints of nephews and nieces to the contrary, we felt sure that we were still young.

The closing days of Brigham seem almost tragic. Of long-lived ancestors, and with a physique and health which would have led us to suppose that he was destined to live to a good old age, he was attacked in his prime, and, with the love of natural scenery and open-air life natural to him, he went to his favorite summer place at Lake Tahoe. But the altitude made him only worse, and he was brought back under difficulties to the coast to survive but a few days. In his death there has passed from us a good husband and father, a good friend, and a good citizen. W. G. F.

* NATHANIEL FRANCIS BRIGHT. Born at Watertown, Mass., July 22, 1844. Died at Cambridge, Mass., July 8, 1880.

HENRY WALLER BRINCKERHOFF. Born 1845.

He has continued to live at Brooklyn, N.Y., and to practise his profession of consulting engineer at New York City.

* FREDERICK JOHN BROWN. Born in Baltimore, Md., March 11, 1846, and died in Baltimore, June 9, 1900.

HENRY FOSTER BUSWELL. Born 1842.

He has continued to practise law in Boston and to reside at Canton, Mass. At present he is a special justice of the District Court of Southern Norfolk and chairman of the Trustees of the Canton Public Library. He has edited the fourth edition of his "Practice and Pleading in Personal Actions in the Court of Massachusetts," and the ninth edition of Taylor's "Landlord and Tenant."

* EDWARD AUGUSTUS CAPEN.

Edward Augustus Capen died at North Tonawanda, N.Y., February 4, 1905. He was born in Boston, March 19, 1844, and was the son of Edward William and Lucretia Augusta Capen. Capen was one of those who leave college without a

settled conviction regarding their calling in life, and decided to engage in mercantile pursuits, as those most readily available in such a case. He entered the office of Charles F. Parker & Co., shoe and leather dealers, as a clerk, remaining until 1870, when he went into the leather business for himself as member of the firm of Perkins & Capen, afterwards E. A. Capen & Co. May 9, 1871, he was married to Ellen Marion, daughter of Edward F. and Ellen Francis Thomas, of Galesburg, Ill., and established his home at Wollaston Heights, Quincy, Mass. where his three children were born,—Randall Thomas, July 26, 1872, Edward William, February 10, 1875, and Lucretia Augustus Marston, March 16, 1876.

In 1875 Capen found his vocation, and decided to leave business and enter the Baptist ministry. He spent two years in preparation at the Newton Theological Seminary, and received license to preach from the First Baptist Church of Boston in 1877. In November of the same year he was settled as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Watertown, where he remained continuously for twenty-three years, acting at one time as member of the School Committee, and always taking a public-spirited interest in the affairs of the town. Under his ministry his church grew in numbers and in prosperity, and before he left Watertown he had the satisfaction of dedicating a fine new edifice of stone, which has been spoken of as "a model in its architectural features without and within." The people of his congregation were strongly attached to Capen, and, when he notified them a year in advance that he intended to give up his charge and go abroad, he received many testimonials of their regret and of esteem and affection, and efforts were made to induce him to return.

He spent the two years, 1900 and 1901, in travel and sojourn in Europe and the East, receiving strength and vigor by the long rest. After his return he accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at North Tonawanda, a flourishing suburb of the city of Buffalo, where he spent the rest of his life. There he suffered a severe blow from the loss of his wife, who died at a hospital in Buffalo, and also had a keen sorrow in the

death of the wife of his eldest son, who had also become a clergyman and lived at Madison, Wis. It was after these afflictions that the insidious malady of creeping paralysis advanced upon him, though he kept actively at work until two months before his death. Capen did not distinguish himself as a theological writer or a pulpit orator, but devoted himself assiduously to the duties of an effective preacher, a kindly teacher, and a helpful pastor of his flock, winning the respect and esteem of all and the admiration of many by the earnestness, cheerfulness, and purity of his life and the culture and courtesy of his home.

A. K. F.

* FRANCIS AUGUSTUS CARPENTER. Born in Foxboro, Mass., May 26, 1843. Died in Foxboro, December 7, 1867.

JAMES EMERSON CARPENTER. Born 1843.

He has continued the practice of law in New York City, and continued to reside at Tarrytown on the Hudson until October, 1895, when he removed to New York City. He says:—

"You have invited us to the Fortieth Anniversary of our graduation. There must be some mistake about this,—at least so say my feelings. Surely, I do not seem to myself to be forty years older than I was in the year 1866. It must be admitted, however, that that time has elapsed. I am still quite young and vigorous, and I trust that, when we meet at Storey's farm in June next, it will be found that you and my other classmates are in a like condition. Doubtless the presence there of grandchildren may have a depressing effect upon some as reminders of the lapse of time."

ALBERTSON CASE. Born 1843.

He has continued to live at Southold, Suffolk County, N.Y., and to practise law and surveying. He was Justice of the Peace for four years up to January 1, 1905. He has one granddaughter, born October, 1902.

ALBION CATE. Born 1845.

He has continued to reside and practise law at Chicago. He writes:—

"Your message apropos class reunion came on a rainy day as a zephyr from the Southland. I am very glad to hear from you and the old home, and especially happy in anything that concerns our dear Alma Mater. 'Fair Harvard,' indeed! None like her! No, not one! I can conceive of nothing more delightful than a breakfast with our dear Storey, with our classmates as commensals, on a June morning in the Thoreau country, to say nothing of the Class Dinner, Commencement, and the march to Memorial Hall. We certainly shall return to our posts hearted and inspired for our tasks, with the feeling that our pilgrimage was well made. If I can get away, I shall answer *Adsum* at our roll-call."

GEORGE FREDERICK CHACE. Born 1845.

He continued to live at Taunton until 1903. He was then at South Framingham for a year, and since then has lived in Boston. He was Superintendent of the Taunton Water Works until February, 1903, then for a year he was Superintendent of the Framingham Water Company, since then he has been principally travelling on business. He is Past Master in the Free Masons, Past Noble Grand in the Odd Fellows. He is at present teaching at the Bristol Academy in Taunton.

* EDWARD HENRY CLARK. Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, July 10, 1843. Died in New York City, April 13, 1885.

* JOHN CLARK. Born at Boston, August 1, 1844. Died at Cambridge, Mass., July 22, 1870.

THEODORE MINOT CLARK. Born 1845.

He has continued to practise architecture in Boston, and lived in Newtonville until 1903, and since then in Audubon Parkway, Boston. He has published the fifteenth edition of his "Building Superintendence" and a new edition of his "Architect,

Owner and Builder before the Law." He has also published "The Care of a House." He is a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, a regular member of the Boston Society of Architects, and a Fellow of the Society of Arts in London.

*JOHN HENRY COPPENHAGEN. Born October 8, 1842, in Dorchester, now a part of Boston. Died at Portsmouth, N.H., August 31, 1900.

FREDERICK CROWNINSHIELD. Born 1845.

He has continued to have his studio at New York City and to reside in Stockbridge, Mass., in the summer. He has published two more books of verse, "A Painter's Moods" in 1902 and "Tales in Metre" in 1903. He continues the happy grandfather of three grandchildren.

A critic writes, "To his work he has brought a ripe scholarship, a singular felicity of expression, a very admirable appreciation of the *mot juste*, and, above all, a certain indefinable charm."

JOHN GREEN CURTIS. Born 1844.

He has continued to live in New York City and to be Professor of Physiology at Columbia University and a member of the University Council. October 31, 1904, he was made a Doctor of Laws by Columbia University. December 13, 1902, at Montreal, Canada, he was married to Miss Netta Easter Blackwood, daughter of Henry James and Julia Blackwood, of Norwich, England.

He says: "I have been truly sorry to have to write to Moorfield and now to write to you that I cannot come to the spree. My passage for Europe was taken long since, before I had given due thought to our festal antiquity, and I could not change my plans now without giving great disappointment to others than myself, nor do I know what I could do at this time of year in the way of, not swapping horses, but swapping liners. So I must e'en take it out with being with you all in spirit, perhaps in spirits, at the celebration, and in sending my hearty greetings to the boys, their mates, and their posterity."

* FREDERICK DABNEY. Born in the Island of Fayal, August 9, 1846. Died at Boston, July 24, 1892.

ALLEN DANFORTH. Born 1846.

He was Comptroller of Harvard University until March 1, 1906, residing at Weston, Mass., until June, 1905, and since then at Harvard, Mass. He has recently sailed for Europe with Mrs. Danforth.

SAMUEL CARROLL DERBY. Born 1842.

He has continued as Professor of Latin in the Ohio State University. August 29, 1903, at Winchester, N.H., he was married to Margaret Elizabeth, daughter of the late Dr. William S. and Martha Greenwood Leonard, of Hinsdale, N.H., and a graduate of Radcliffe in the class of 1898. He spent the winter and spring of 1903 and 1904 in Europe, principally Rome and Florence, and during four months of the winter he was a student in the American School for Classical Students at Rome.

He has a daughter, Margaret Leonard, born January 2, 1905. He has one grandchild. His only son, Walter Janney, a member of the Senior Class in Ohio State University, was drowned by the overturning of a canoe in Buckeye Lake, near Columbus, Ohio, September 9, 1903.

LEWIS SEAVER DIXON. Born 1845.

He has continued to live and practise his profession as an oculist in Boston.

EATON SYLVESTER DRONE. Born 1842.

He continued editor of the New York *Herald* until 1904. He is at present living in Zanesville, Ohio.

ALEXANDER DONLEY DUNBAR. Born 1846.

He has continued to be Superintendent of Schools at Peekskill, N.Y. He has contributed largely to newspapers and periodicals, and has edited, but not published, any books. He has received from New York University the degrees of Ped.D. and Ph.D. He is a Mason, an Odd Fellow, and an Elk. He writes:

"Health continues good, and I have not yet begun to feel the weight of years."

THOMAS DWIGHT. Born 1843.

He has continued to live at Boston during the winter, and at Nahant, Mass., during the summer. He has continued directing the Department of Anatomy at the Harvard Medical School, and attending to the duties of President of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and as Trustee of the Boston Public Library. His oldest daughter is at Namur, Belgium, in the novitiate of the Sisters of Notre Dame.

EDWARD WALDO EMERSON. Born 1844.

I think you would prefer I should write a letter to my putting answers under your questions.

I am well and content with life. No deaths have occurred in my family. I have no second marriage to report, my first continuing to my great satisfaction. My four children who survived infancy are living and well. My older boy graduates at Harvard this year, and the younger enters. My older daughter (graduate of Smith, 1901, A.M. 1904) lives at home, and the younger, Mrs. Gerrit Forbes, now of Wyoming, made me a grandfather a year ago. The grand-daughter's name is Helen, born May 12, 1905.

Though Concord, where I was born, is my home, likely to remain so for the rest of my days, my residence is irregular, for I have a little house, always alluring me, on the south shoulder of Monadnoc, and in the worst of the winter often (on advice) run away to a pleasanter climate southward. Partly because of this irregularity, on my Concord acres my crop of stones always ranks second to my grass crop, and a few vegetables and strawberries have a hard fight with the luxuriant weed crop.

In the winter of 1902 I had a pleasant visit to California with my wife, very different from my journey thither across the plains on horseback and on foot as a sub-freshman. We spent the most of the following winter in Tallahassee, Fla., a fine region

and climate, let me say, for those who aren't dependent on good hotels. Though a wanderer, I am not quite an idler, and I find I can do my work (chiefly writing, with a little painting) better away from home. As opportunity offers, I am an itinerant lecturer. For the last twenty years I have been annually appointed Instructor in Art-anatomy in the school at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts,—an occupation which I have greatly enjoyed. I have just withdrawn to attend to other duties. When the time of the one hundredth anniversary of my father's birth drew nigh, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. desired to bring out a centenary edition of his works, with somewhat copious annotations from letters, journals, etc., and with some additions. This work, at the wish of my father's literary executor, the late James Elliot Cabot, I undertook, and found it a serious but interesting task, occupying more than two years. I celebrated its conclusion by going to Europe with my wife and daughter, seeking once more the beautiful and white-walled ancient city of Antibes on the southern shore of France, near which we had kept house ten years before, sheltered on the north by "Alps upon Alps." In the spring we passed through Italy, crossed the Adriatic, and then realized the great object of the trip, a month in Greece.

You ask about occupations. I am writing a Memoir of Judge Hoar and a chronicle of the Saturday Club of Boston, am editing the admirable letters of General Charles Russell Lowell, who was killed in battle in 1864. I shall soon edit my father's journals.

At the recent opening of Emerson Hall in Cambridge I was asked to give an address, "Emerson on Scholars," lately published in the *Graduates' Magazine*.

Here in Concord I am a chronic member of the School, Library, and Cemetery Committees. I am a member of the old Social Circle in Concord and the Saturday Club in Boston, on the Corporation of the State School for the Feeble-minded and of the School for Crippled and Deformed Children.

Use what of this letter you will, long-enduring and faithful Secretary. Age is garrulous.

*GEORGE FREDERIC EMERY. Born in Paris, Me., April 29, 1845. Died in San Francisco, December 20, 1873.

WILLIAM GILSON FARLOW. Born 1844.

He has continued as Professor of Cryptogamic Botany at Harvard. His last book is "Bibliographical Index of North American Fungi, Part I., Carnegie Institution, Washington, October, 1905." A list of his degrees can be found in the Quinquennial Catalogue.

EDWIN FARNHAM. Born 1842.

He has continued to live at Cambridge and to be the Medical Inspector of the Cambridge Board of Health. He has two grandchildren.

EDWARD NICOLL FENNO. Born 1845.

He has retired from business and has continued to live at Fairmouth, Mass., in the summer, and at Boston in the winter. He writes, after some remarks extremely complimentary to the Class Secretary:—

"I have endeavored by withdrawing from any active participation in the various affairs of the world, and confining myself to the desultory cultivation of a small sand heap on the Cape, which I somewhat inappropriately call a garden, where I at least get pure air and a close communion with Mother Earth, to withstand the wear and tear, but my success has been poor, and I must simply sit (for I stand with difficulty) and look at you with wondering admiration. Inasmuch as I was abroad at the time of our last Class Dinner, I missed it with great regret. I had my whole family with me then, and was away for six months. Since then I have been twice to the Pacific Coast, once in Mexico, and several times to the Bahama Islands. And now I have done my best to comply with your request."

AMOS KIDDER FISKE. Born 1842.

He has continued to live in New York City as editor of the New York *Mail and Express* until January 1, 1905, and since

then of the New York *Journal of Commerce*. He has one grandchild. He is the author of the "Modern Bank," February, 1904.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS FLAGG. Born 1845.

He has continued to live at Holliston, Me., and to be Secretary and Treasurer of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company at Boston, and also Treasurer of the Buffalo Smelting Works, and also Secretary of several copper companies.

*SAMUEL QUARLES FRENCH. Born in Amesbury, Mass., September 1, 1845. Died in Hornellsville, N.Y., May 27, 1872.

JUSTIN EDWARDS GALE. Born 1843.

He has continued to live at Weston, Mass., and to be Treasurer of the Brookside Mills of Knoxville, Tenn., and of the Lanette Bleachery & Dye Works of West Point, Ga. He has been chairman of the Trustees of the Public Library of Weston. He rejoices in six grandchildren.

JAMES SMITH GARLAND. Born 1842.

He has continued to live at Concord, Mass., and practise law in Boston. He is the author of "New England Town Law," June, 1906. His son, Charles Garland, died May 15, 1904.

WILLIAM AUSTIN GOODMAN. Born 1845.

He has continued to reside and practise law in Cincinnati. He has a grandson, a promising candidate for the Class of '26. He says:—

"Am of course coming on to the Fortieth Anniversary. Have been talking it over with my wife for the past year. She was with me at my twenty-fifth. Will stop over at New York this time, as she thinks I am going in for a high old time. How young our class must have been when we graduated! As you will see from the report I enclose, I have done nothing startling, and am a strong advocate of the unit system,—one wife, one son, and one grandson.

* FRANCIS CALLEY GRAY, who died February 13, 1904, was born in Boston, September 5, 1846. His father was Francis Henry Gray, a physician. His mother, Hedwiga Regina (Schober), of Philadelphia. His great-grandfather was William Gray, of Salem and Boston, the wealthiest man in New England at that time, and Lieutenant-Governor. His mother's grandfather was Dr. S. L. Schober, the son of Moravian parents who came over with Count Zinzendorf and settled in Bethlehem, Pa., about the middle of the eighteenth century. His mother's family was collaterally connected with General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. His mother's family was also descended from Sir Lionel Britton, dubbed Knight Banneret by Cœur-de-Lion on the field of battle before Jerusalem. His father and grandfather and numerous great-uncles and uncles were graduates of Harvard.

He was born on Hancock Street, and lived there, on Beacon Hill Place and Mt. Vernon Place, all his life. He went to private school until September, 1856, when he entered the Boston Latin School, and stayed there until November, 1858. The last two years he fitted under a private tutor. He had parts in the exhibitions of the Junior and Senior years, and was a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

He became an ardent student of English literature, and was very fond of reading and music. After his college days he entered business life for a few years, but trouble with his eyes and other illness made it impossible for him to remain long in active business; and, fortunately, this was not a necessity, as he had sufficient property to be entirely independent.

He was a director of different charitable boards, being especially concerned with the work of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and held various positions of trust.

He was a member of the Somerset, Athletic, and other clubs.

Though he was not married, his home life was made very happy by the devotion of his sister and by the constant hospitality which they extended to their married brothers and their families, who lunched with them almost daily and were

always made welcome, forming a striking and delightful example of a thoroughly united family.

He was a man of marked ability, standing high in his class at school and college, but he had no inclination for the struggles of active life, no strong ambition for worldly success. His tastes and habits rather were studious and scholarly; and, while he enjoyed his friends, and in his early life was prominent in the social life of Boston, he gradually withdrew, and more and more found his chief pleasures in his home and his family. His sensibilities were quick, his nature thoroughly refined, his disposition genial and kindly, and he responded readily to any friendly touch. Had he felt the pressure of necessity, he might easily have won an excellent position in professional or business life, but, relieved from this spur, he embraced perhaps too readily the doctrine in the Latin verse which was given us as a subject for a theme, "*nec male vixit qui natus moriensque fefellit.*"

W. P. B.

EUGENE DOUGLASS GREENLEAF. Born 1844.

He has continued to live in Boston and to be a member of the Boston Stock Exchange until January, 1906, when he retired from business.

RICHARD CRANCH GREENLEAF. Born 1845.

During the last five years he has lived in Concord, Mass., Lawrence, N.Y., New York City, but especially at Lenox, Mass. He has been assessor of the town of Lenox "for my sins," and considers my question as to his occupation "impertinent." His heart, and occasionally his hearthstone, is cheered by four grandchildren.

JAMES BARTLETT GREGG. Born 1846.

He has continued to reside at Colorado Springs, Col., and to be minister of the First Congregational Church there. He has been a member and secretary of the Board of Trustees of Colorado College, a member of the Board of Directors of Chicago Theological Seminary and Board of Visitors of El Paso County.

He is the author of a volume of sermons privately printed by the church, and an address on Robert Burns before the Caledonian Club of Colorado Springs. He has the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Colorado College, and he has been President for two terms of the Rocky Mountain Harvard Club and President of the Winter Night Club of Colorado Springs. He has two grandchildren.

He says:—

"I have, I believe, the eminent distinction of having more children at my back as I come up to the fortieth anniversary than any of my classmates; namely, four boys and three girls. Two of my boys have graduated at Harvard. One is now a Junior there, and the fourth this year takes his preliminary examination. One of my daughters graduated last year at Radcliffe, so I think I may claim to have done my duty by the University. Life never looked brighter or happier to me than now in my sixtieth year."

FRANCIS AUGUSTINE HARRIS. Born 1845.

He has continued to live at Boston and Winthrop and to practise medicine at Boston, and to hold the office of Medical Examiner of the Northern District of Suffolk County, in which office he is now serving the first year of the fifth term of seven years each. He writes: "I am battling with the stream, drifting a little lower as the waning power due to age diminishes resistance. Nothing to be said. The only thing remaining is an abiding faith in and love for the men of '66, which I pray, or would except for what value goes to the prayers of the wicked, may last to the end."

WILLIAM ABRAHAM HASKELL. Born 1845.

He has been practising medicine and surgery at Alton, Ill. He has been Chief Surgeon of Illinois Terminal Railroad and Local Surgeon of the C. C. C. & St. L. R.R., and of the C. P. & St. L. R.R., and Surgeon-in-charge of St. Joseph's Hospital. He has one grandchild. He is a member of the American Medical Association, the American Public Health Association, and the

Illinois State, Madison County, and Alton Medical Societies. He writes: "My health broke down in March, 1902, and soon after I retired from practice, and have spent my time since in searching for health in Italy, Egypt, and Bermuda, most of the time yachting. If well enough, I shall be at the class meeting. I have, since I became an invalid, developed homesickness for the fellows of '66, and above all things wish again to see them."

DAVID GREENE HASKINS, Jr. Born 1845.

He has continued to practise law in Boston and to live in the same house in Cambridge where he lived in college. He was Democratic candidate for Congress in 1904. The Secretary deems it his duty as well as his pleasure to add, for the benefit of those who will not have the good fortune to be at Lincoln on the 26th to see the lady, that our classmate is engaged to be married.

JAMES WILLIAM HAWES. Born 1844.

He has continued practising law in New York City. He has been Chairman of the Committee on National Affairs of the Republican Club of the City of New York since 1904. In December, 1905, he was one of the organizers of "The Electoral Laws Improvement Association," intended for the improvement of the primary and election laws of the State of New York; became a member of its Executive Committee, and was active in the framing of a bill designed to introduce in that State the Massachusetts form of ballot. In January, 1906, he was appointed by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court chairman of a commission to determine and report whether an underground railway should be built in Third Avenue. He was a delegate from the Republican Club of the City of New York to the Second National Conference for the Reform of the Primary and Election Laws, which was held in the city of New York in March, 1906, under the auspices of the National Civic Federation.

WILLIAM ALLEN HAYES. Born 1843.

He has continued to reside at Cambridge and to practise law in Boston. He has recently been appointed United States Commissioner of the District of Massachusetts, and the Secretary has been informed, and readily believes, that ermine has never before been worn with such grace and dignity as by our classmate. He is still cultivating, with his usual enthusiasm and success, his Sabine Farm in Cambridge, occasionally wounded, but never even for a moment discouraged, by brown-tail moths, currant worms, or any other animate creature.

*ARTEMAS ROGERS HOLDEN, Jr. Born in Boston, August 31, 1844. Died in Boston, March 15, 1884.

*CLAUDIUS MARCELLUS JONES. Born February 22, 1845. Died January 23, 1892.

GEORGE ADAMS KETTELL. Born 1846.

He has continued to live in Brookline, Mass., and to be engaged in business in real estate and trusts in Boston. He writes: "Although we can boast of no president, senator, governor, or other high public official, I am of the opinion that we do not suffer in comparison with other classes. It might be well if in these parlous times we could count among our number an expounder of the Constitution, but not an expander thereof. The history of our class must be replete with story, but one of the brightest is our own Moorfield. As we have not all been cast in the same mould, there has been more field for action for some of us than for others, according to our own abilities and environments. A class that can still show, to use the gamester's parlance, 'double sixes,' is one that still is in the game. We have passed over the brow of the hill, and are now making our downward march with diminished ranks, noting the milestones in our progress from which no rebates are given; and, though some will fall by the wayside, we should all the more strongly close up the ranks, shoulder to shoulder, cheered on by the hope of victory, and present an unbroken front on the firing line to the last."

AMOS MORSE LEONARD. Born 1840.

He has continued to hold the position of Master of the Lawrence School, South Boston. He lived in Boston until January, 1902. Since then he has been living in Newton. He delivered an address on "Supplementary Reading in Schools" before the Massachusetts Teachers' Association and the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction. In the last report the name of his wife's mother was given as Catherine Wesson Adams. It should have been Caroline Wesson Adams.

*OTIS LISCOME LEONARD was born in Marshfield, Mass., October 13, 1842. He was the son of Rev. George Leonard and the grandson of Rev. Elijah Leonard, whose united pastorates over the Second Congregational Society of Marshfield covered the period of seventy years. His great-grandfather, Rev. Perez Forbes, D.D., was one of the early professors in Yale College. At the age of eleven he began the study of Latin with his father, and at fifteen entered Phillips Exeter Academy, where he fitted for Harvard. He took a high rank in college, devoting himself with ardor to his studies. Soon after graduating,—in October, 1866,—he entered Rochester Theological Seminary to prepare for the Baptist ministry. He graduated in 1869, and in 1870 was ordained as pastor of the Baptist Church in Rockport, where he remained three years.

In 1873 he began the missionary work to which he devoted the remainder of his life. He travelled extensively in Europe, Asia, and Africa, after visiting every State and nearly all the Territories of the United States. As an evangelist, he was conspicuously successful. His preaching was effective because of its clearness and precision and his perfect mastery of his subject. His power of acquiring foreign languages was unusual. He spent three years in Sweden, laboring as an evangelist and preaching eloquently in the native tongue. He labored four years in France and Germany, speaking and writing French and German fluently. Many of his articles have been published in French and German magazines and papers. He frequently gave lectures on his travels, and it was his custom to

sing songs in ten different languages for the amusement of children. A lady who attended one of his lectures remarked to a friend, "Mr. Leonard is the most original and interesting speaker that I ever heard." He made hosts of friends wherever he went because of his warm heart and loving nature. He was gracious and gentle in spirit and manner, but firm in his convictions and fearless in speech. He was simple in his habits and averse to all ostentation. He never spoke evil of any one, but devoted his life to the service of his fellow-men. His love for his Alma Mater never waned, and he always looked forward with joy to Commencement Day and the Phi Beta Kappa dinner. In March, 1903, he wrote to his sister from Berlin, "I hope to attend commencement in 1904." He was then preaching in Berlin. He was called to engage in evangelistic work in Marienburg in May, 1903, and, though suffering from a severe cough, he undertook the journey, and preached on his arrival. But his strength, which was waning, failed him, and he died "in the harness" on the 11th of May. His intimate friend and coworker, Rev. Julius Rohrbach, of Berlin, travelled two hundred and fifty miles to conduct the funeral services.

The following extract is from a letter written by Mr. Rohrbach: "With a sorrowing heart I have to break to you the news of the death of your and our dear brother, Otis L. Leonard. He labored with us eight months, and the Lord greatly blessed his prayerful ministry. He died in Marienburg, May 11, 1903, and the funeral took place on Thursday, May 14. The coffin, decorated with wreaths and flowers, was taken to the Baptist chapel, where in presence of a large company of mourners I gave a short review of the life of our departed brother, how it had been spent and exhausted in the service of his Master. So we committed earth to earth and dust to dust, in the sure and certain hope of a glorious immortality." The news of his death brought sorrow to hundreds of homes which had been made happy by his genial presence, and his sister has received letters from all parts of our country and from Europe and Africa expressing affection and respect for the devoted missionary.

Many Harvard graduates will be interested to know that the

two brothers, Henry Leonard of the class of 1860 and Otis L. Leonard of 1866, lie buried seven thousand miles apart. Henry died in Santa Barbara, Cal., in 1875, and was buried there, seven thousand miles from Marienburg, Germany, the burial-place of his brother. Their father, Rev. George Leonard, a graduate of Harvard,—class of 1823,—is buried near the old homestead at Marshfield Hills. S. E. L.

GEORGE EMERY LITTLEFIELD. Born 1844.

He has continued to live at Somerville, Mass., and to carry on his business as a bookseller at Boston. Since our last report he has written and published "Early Schools and School Books of New England," Boston, 1904, a limited edition for the "Club of Odd Volumes."

MORRIS LONGSTRETH. Born 1846.

He has continued to practise medicine and to live at Philadelphia. The past two summers he has spent in Europe, where he is passing the present summer.

* NICHOLAS LONGWORTH. Born in Cincinnati, June 16, 1844. Died at Cincinnati, January 18, 1890.

JOHN JACOB LOUD. Born 1844.

He has continued to live at Weymouth, Mass., occupying himself with law and genealogy. He is the happy grandfather of a grandchild. He is still President of the Weymouth Historical Society, and recently he has become a member of the New Hampshire Genealogical Society. He was President of Old Home Week in Weymouth in 1903. He writes: "My veneration and love for my Alma Mater was never stronger than to-day. Life has grown attractive to me as I have grown old, and my interest in Harvard and her associations has helped to make it so. How could it be otherwise with a member of old '66?"

* JAMES WALKER LOVERING. Born at Cambridge, August 31, 1845. Died at Cambridge, May 18, 1895.

JOHN JAMES MASON. Born 1843.

He has continued to live at Newport, spending his winters at New York and Washington. As to his occupations, he writes, "Too miscellaneous for description, but perhaps chief are reading and arithmetic."

HENRY CHRISTIAN MAYER. Born 1844.

He writes: "After working in Cuba as clergyman, temporarily chaplain to soldiers, head of orphanage, etc., about five years, I made a visit to Mexico, and decided to remain there as associate rector of Christ Church, City of Mexico, the principal Episcopal Church in the Republic. My associate is an Englishman, Archdeacon Wilfred Jones-Bateman." He extends a cordial greeting to any of his classmates who may come to Mexico.

DR. CHARLES McBURNEY.

Continues to reside and practise law in New York City, spending his summers at Stockbridge, Mass. From August, 1905, to April, 1906, he was in Europe. He has been made an honorary member of the College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, Scotland.

He writes: "I wish I could attend the class celebration, but the fact is that I am not well enough. Although I am better now, I am not fit for a good time at Boston. Give my love to the boys. I am most sorry that I cannot be with them."

HASLETT McKIM. Born 1842.

He has continued to reside in New York City and to be Dean of the New York Training School for Deaconesses. He adds another grandchild to his list. He writes: "Whether I actually do get to the Class Dinner or not, I must at least tell you what a pleasure it was to meet those who were assembled on a like occasion five years ago. It is very kind and thoughtful of Storey to offer us this year a special attraction. I would like to be among his guests. If I appeared without wife, children, or grandchildren, it would not be because I feared none of them would enjoy the treat."

LEWIS CHAMPLIN MURDOCK. Born 1845.

He has continued to live in New York City in the winter and at Long Island in the summer. He writes: "I sail for Europe on the 6th of June, and am extremely sorry that I will not be with the class on the 26th and 27th. Will you say to any and all that I shall certainly think of them, and hope they will bear me in mind?"

*THOMAS NELSON. Born in Boston, March 4, 1845. Died in Boston, November 19, 1897.

JOHN LEONARD NORTON. Born 1844.

He has continued to live at Memphis, Tenn., engaged as a dealer in stocks and bonds and commercial paper. He is the fortunate grandfather of three grandchildren. He writes: "Last summer and fall, while my wife and I were at Atlantic City and other places East, we often talked of this approaching anniversary, and anticipated so much pleasure. We planned to take with us our grandchild, seven years old, who had the winter previous been with us in Florida. It is little to say that I am heart-broken at the bereavement which overwhelmed us in her death at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 26th of March. Had we not talked so frequently of the anniversary and with so much anticipated pleasure, I would not, perhaps, have written so gloomily. I want a copy of the volume of photographs for my grandchildren. And now, my dear fellow, good-bye. I never expect to go East again, and may never see you or any of the fellows. They all have my kindest feelings and best wishes for welfare and happiness."

GEORGE LAURIE OSGOOD. Born 1844.

He continued to reside at Brookline, and was engaged in the profession of music until June, 1904. Since then he has been in Europe with his family. His son, John Lowell Osgood, was born September 24, 1901. He also rejoices in two grandchildren. He writes, "My regret is great that I cannot arrange to be with you in the class reunion, but my spirit will 'stand by the knee of our Mother,' and join you in the dear old class song."

* ROBERT MENDUM OTIS. Born at Kittery, Me., October 19, 1844. Died at Roslindale, Boston, March 19, 1886.

JAMES OSCAR PARKER. Born 1845.

His address is unknown to the Secretary.

* WILLIAM LEVI PARKER. Born at Boston, March 26, 1844. Died at Oswego, N.Y., November 30, 1888.

ROBERT SWAIN PEABODY. Born 1845.

He has continued to live and practise architecture at Boston. He has been lecturer on Architectural Design at Harvard. He is a member of the corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and he has been President of the American Institute of Architects and President of the Boston Society of Architects. He was a member of the Board of Architecture at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. The name of his son Robert Ephraim was incorrectly printed in the last Class Report. (*Mea culpa*. Secretary.)

EDWARD FOSTER PEIRCE. Born 1844.

He has continued to live at Yarmouthport, Mass., and is principal of the high school there.

EDWARD CRANCH PERKINS. Born 1844.

He has continued to practise law at Boston and to live at Milton, Mass.

THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY. Born 1845.

He returned from Japan in July, 1901, and since then has lived in Hancock, N.H., in the summer and in Boston in the winter. Since November 1, 1905, he has been in Paris. He has published "John Fiske," December, 1905. He writes very pleasantly of his classmates that he has met in Paris, but laments the lack of class feeling on the part of Flagg, Treasurer of the Calumet & Hecla Mining Company, who refused to let him have any shares of that company at its par of $25.

* GEORGE GREENLEAF PRATT. Born at Brewster, Mass., May 6, 1842. Died at Arlington, Mass., May 3, 1890.

JAMES JACKSON PUTNAM. Born 1846.

He has continued to practise medicine at Boston. He has published "A Memoir of Dr. James Jackson with Sketches of his Father, Hon. Jonathan Jackson, and his Brothers, Robert, Henry, James and Patrick Tracy Jackson, and Some Account of their Ancestry," November, 1905.

GEORGE FRANCIS ROBINSON. Born 1843.

He has continued to live at Kennebunk, Me. He is cheered and comforted by three grandchildren. He suggests that our volume of photographs be entitled "Before and after Taking Life's Pills."

* HENRY ROLFE. Born at Farmington, Me., July 30, 1844. Died at Napa, Cal., October 12, 1895.

THOMAS PIERPONT SHAW. Born 1843.

He is a physician, and has continued to live at Lowell, Mass. He has a grandchild. He writes: "I have filled out the information blank to the best of my ability. It is a meagre showing, but the life is no less so, and yet I should not complain, for my health is fairly good and I am privileged to enjoy sort of a *rus in urbe* not uncongenial to my natural tastes in advancing years. It will not be possible for me to be present at the Class Dinner or accept Storey's kind invitation to the 'Farm.' Please give my thanks and regrets to Storey and my best regards to him and every other member of dear old Sixty-six."

SWITHIN CHANDLER SHORTLIDGE. Born 1840.

He has continued to live in England, spending his time in London, Liverpool, Leeds, Nottingham, and Sheffield. He has represented two American firms nearly ten years, and has also been engaged in and on English history and literature. He has a grandchild. He writes: "Coming to England in broken health

in 1895, I have recovered in weight from being at 150 to almost an undeviating figure of 205. I have visited, as a student of English history and literature, nearly every place of importance to my work in these two subjects." As for the Class Supper, he says, "I fear such a treat is beyond the range of probability."

WILLIAM EDWARD SKILLINGS. Born 1843.

He has been living in Bethel and West Paris, Me., engaged in the lumber business.

* STEPHEN HENRY STACKPOLE. Born at Roxbury, Mass., July 24, 1843. Died at Hamilton, N.Y., July 23, 1886.

* MARSHALL PADDOCK STAFFORD was born in Tinmouth, Rutland County, Vt., October 14, 1840, and died in Bellingham, Wash., October 29, 1904.

When about ten years of age, he went to Boston, where he attended the Mayhew Grammar School. He entered the English High School in September, 1858, and remained there until May, 1861. Subsequently he attended the Boston Latin School until July, 1862, when he took the college entrance examinations. In college he was a member of the Institute of 1770 and of the O. K. Society. He roomed throughout the course with his classmate Farlow.

After graduation he occupied a position as instructor in the Military Academy of Brattleboro, Vt. Then, after a few weeks spent at the Harvard Law School, he went to New York City, and studied law in the office of Buel & Erhardt, being employed for a portion of his period of study as a private tutor at Rye, N.Y. About 1871 he wrote a Life of James Fisk, Jr. He was admitted to the bar in New York about 1870, and thereafter practised law in that city until about 1894, when he went to Seattle, Wash., and after a time formed a partnership in the practice of the law under the firm name of Stafford, Dawes & Hughes, which subsequently became Stafford & Dawes. At some time between July 1, 1894, and December 31, 1895, he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of Washington. In

1902 he went to Whatcom (now Bellingham) on some special legal work, and opened an office there, while retaining his partnership in Seattle; but before his death he dissolved the partnership, and had his sole office in Bellingham.

The last letter which I received from him was dated Whatcom, September 30, 1903, the following extract from which will show the interest which he continued to have in the class and in old friends and to some extent the circumstances in which he found himself:—

"I was greatly pained to see the death of Frank Wright announced in the last number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. I knew him so intimately in my last years in New York that the unexpected news seems to come home to me more closely. I had been indulging the hope that I might go to the St. Louis Exposition next year, and renew old times with him then.

"I am going to mail you my brief on a matter in which I have just been before the Supreme Court, and which has attracted great attention, as it has a practical interest for almost every lawyer in the State.

"If you ever do such a thing as to write a gossipy social letter, I wish you would write me a long one; for there must be much that you could tell that would be of interest to me.

"I seem to continue in the best of health, but I regret to say that I still fail to develop any capacity for money-making, though large fortunes have been made in Seattle since I came here by men who were hardly better off than myself except that they had cheek and the money-getting sense or faculty. I hope you are prospering."

While in Seattle, he was for a time engaged in editing a weekly newspaper. He was also interested in the development of mining properties in the vicinity,—an enterprise which he was prevented from carrying to a successful issue by the discoveries in the Klondike and the consequent exodus of laborers to that region.

In New York he had been a member of the Harvard Club, and, when he went to Seattle, he joined the Harvard Club there.

Stafford was a man of generous impulses, of literary tastes, and of wide interest in public affairs. His fund of general information was extensive, and came readily to his aid. His conversational powers were large. He was of a buoyant disposition, and possessed great self-confidence. This latter quality was perhaps a weakness, and in some cases caused failure in business enterprises and in his litigations, leading him to act upon his intuitions rather than after investigation. After graduation he became engaged to a young lady in Vermont, whose subsequent death affected him seriously, and colored his whole after-life. In New York he formed several partnerships, but at the close of his career there he was practising alone. He was very successful in obtaining verdicts from juries. His death was sudden. He dropped dead in a drug store. He had been complaining for about a week, but it appears from the statement of his physician that he had been ill for about six months, although no hint of it was given to his associates. He was buried in Bellingham.

In the Proceedings of the Washington State Bar Association at its Annual Session in 1905 appears a memorial of Stafford by Mr. Robert Muir, a lawyer of Bellingham with whom he had had relations of business and friendship, in which, among other things, Mr. Muir says: "He was of a studious nature and of a retiring disposition. In all his dealings he treated his opponents with courtesy and invariably conducted himself as a gentleman. He was gifted with a mind which swiftly and accurately comprehended the import of an argument, and was keen to see the weak point in his opponent. After coming West, he never made any serious effort to obtain a law practice. To those in necessity and to his friends he devoted his time without fee or reward. Mr. Stafford was particularly interested in the young and struggling of both sexes, and with words of encouragement he held out his hands to grasp theirs with love and affection. All classes came to him with their troubles. To young lawyers of ability, lacking clients, he was sympathetic. Genius of all kinds, including struggling artists and actors, appealed to him, and, while advising, he aimed to see them fairly started. One

great feature of Mr. Stafford's character was the universality and humanity of his sympathy. What he did was done quietly, with no show of ostentation and nothing for display or notoriety. To those with whom he was very intimate he did unbend, and, when with him on a fishing excursion or rambling in the woods, his conversation was delightful and not easily forgotten."

At a meeting of the Harvard Club of Seattle November 12, 1904, a committee was appointed which at the next meeting, May 26, 1905, presented the following resolutions on the death of Stafford, which were unanimously adopted, and the secretary was ordered to send a copy thereof to our Class Secretary:—

"Marshall P. Stafford, Harvard '66, a member of this club, died at Bellingham, Wash., on October 29, 1904. Those who knew him most intimately witness to Mr. Stafford's warm and generous spirit. All who came in contact with him know his passion for right and his hatred of all injustice. He was a man of wide reading and knowledge, of virile thought and positive expression, of keen interest, not only in his work as lawyer, but in the civil and political life of the nation. '*Veritas*' was the hall-mark of his mind, and his life showed him a true son of Harvard. The Harvard Club of Seattle mourns the loss of his bodily presence, but rejoices in the abiding inspiration of his life among us." J. W. H.

FRANCIS RUSSELL STODDARD. Born 1844.

He lived in Buffalo from 1901 to 1903, and since then in New York City. In Buffalo he was Treasurer of the Sherwood Manufacturing Company. Since 1905 he has been in the Trust Office of the Home Trust Company of New York. He has added two to his list of grandchildren. He is a member of the societies of Mayflower descendants and of Colonial Wars and of Sons of the American Revolution. He writes: "I am trying to live a serene old age or young age. With grandchildren I still try to keep young. I write this to you, my dear Stratton, although you are an old bachelor, which is the only thing I know against you, and for which the Class of Sixty-six never should forgive you."

WILLIAM PRESCOTT STODDARD. Born 1846.

He has continued to live at Plymouth, Mass., and is still Treasurer of the Plymouth Mills. He is a member of the Harvard Club of New York City, of the Pilgrim Society, and of the Old Colony Club. He wishes his classmates to know that "I am still alive and lively."

MOORFIELD STOREY. Born 1845.

He lives in Lincoln in the summer and in Boston in the winter, and he has continued to practise his profession of the law. He is President of the Anti-Imperialist League. He has had five grandchildren, four of whom are living. He is a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He leaves it to the Class Secretary to recite the incidents in his life which are of interest to his classmates. This the Secretary declines to do, as he shrinks from publishing an additional volume of this Report, and he trusts that the class will hear some of these incidents from Storey's mouth on the 26th and 27th of this month.

CHARLES EDWIN STRATTON. Born 1846.

He has continued to reside and practise law at Boston. He has continued to be Chairman of the Board of Park Commissioners of that city.

* HENRY MARSHALL TATE. Born on March 2, 1845. Died at Brooklyn, N.Y., January 7, 1897.

JOHN WARD TAYLOR. Born 1840.

He has spent four years of the last five in Siam, six months in America, and six in Europe. He was in Boston last June, and the Secretary was fortunate enough to secure from him the following statement:—

"From 1895 to 1899 I was mining in Colorado, part of the time in Gunnison County and part of the time in the Clear Creek County, in neither of which places did I make a fortune. In 1899 I went to Philippine Islands, and returned the same year, and spent the following winter in Washington. In the spring

of 1901 I returned again to the Philippine Islands, and, after visiting all parts of the islands where the Spaniards said there was gold, silver, and coal, and not finding any worthy of attention, I went to Siam, hunting for tin. I travelled from Singapore up the west coast of the Malay Peninsula as far as Penang, investigating the tin fields. Especially did I visit the principal tin mines in the State of Perak. This country is entirely under the control of the British, and an American doesn't stand much show. About 60 per cent. of the world's annual output of tin comes from the Malay Peninsula, and America consumes 75 per cent. of the world's output. While we have all other kinds of minerals in America, we have no tin. I went over on the east side of the peninsula, and commenced prospecting the country for tin, and found a good deal. This part of the peninsula is entirely under the control of the Siamese government, and is Siamese territory, in which neither the British nor any other European nation has any control. It is a perfectly wild country, unexplored and unsurveyed. There are no roads, and the only mode of travelling and transportation is either on foot or on elephants. There are no hotels or other accommodations for foreigners, and all supplies of every nature have to be taken from Bangkok, which, with the difficulty of transportation, makes prospecting very slow and very expensive. It is a jungle country, and, unless one is exceedingly careful, there is great danger of fever, especially during the rainy season, which lasts about six months in the year. The jungle is inhabited by wild elephants, the royal Bengal tiger, leopards, boa constrictors, and the venomous cobra, whose bite is almost instant death and for which there is no known antidote. There are all kinds of monkeys, wild peacocks, jungle fowl, and myriads of other small game. I have spent the better part of four years on the east side of the Malay Peninsula, most of the time in the jungle. The kingdom of Siam is an absolute monarchy, and the king, Chululongkorn, is a very intelligent and progressive man, and is doing his best to improve his people, but is retarded by ancient customs and prejudices of the country. He is said to have from three hundred to seven hundred wives. Polyg-

amy exists in the country, and a man can have as many wives as he is able to buy. The price of an ordinary woman is $2.50, gold, and $50, gold, will buy the best in the market. The people are very simple in their habits, kind and courteous to foreigners, and especially to Americans. I left Bangkok on the eighth day of July last, and arrived in San Francisco on the twenty-eighth day of August, coming directly through. I expect to go to London, and probably will return to Siam by the way of the Suez Canal and India. I doubt if I can be at the next annual meeting of the dear old Class of 1866; but, if not, I will be with you in spirit." He is now in Europe.

JOHN LARKIN THORNDIKE. Born 1844.

He has continued to practise law in Boston, and to live there in winter and at Manchester, Mass., in the summer.

* WILLIAM GEORGE TIFFANY. Born 1844.

William George Tiffany was born in Baltimore, March 26, 1844. His parents died when he was very young, and he was brought up under the charge of his uncle, the late George Tiffany. The greater part of his boyhood was spent abroad, and he was educated at the well-known school of Sillig at Vevay in Switzerland. He returned to this country in 1860, and continued his preparation for college under a private tutor.

We all remember him at college, where he was conspicuous for his independence of action and sentiment and his aversion to modes of thought which prevailed without questioning among most of his contemporaries. Conventionality, which is really one of the greatest of social forces, never controlled Tiffany. In fact, it always aroused his unconcealed contempt. No one could play the game of conventionality better than he could, but he hated the game. After graduation, when he had come into the possession of what was then a very considerable fortune, he felt even better able to express his contempt of conventionality, and it has been noticed by moralists that the world pardons qualities in the rich which it seriously rebukes when they appear in the poor.

He became private secretary to the Hon. John Jay, minister to Austria, in 1869, and for a few years greatly enjoyed the busy life of a budding diplomatist. He met many people of different sorts, travelled in many directions upon various errands, and, being occupied, was happy. But in diplomacy there was no chance to rise, so he left the service, and devoted himself to that most miserable of occupations,—amusement. In the pursuit of this unlaudable aim he drove a stage-coach from London to Brighton and back with the energy and skill of a professional. He went to Paris, and there acquired great fame as a professional whip. He was always fond of horses, and in Pau, where he passed many winters, he was master of the hounds. At intervals these unsatisfying labors cloyed, and he tried to devote himself to something more serious. He came to Boston, made a beginning in the study of medicine, but nothing came of it. He threw over the whim as easily as he had formed it. He was full of capacity, and knew it, and should have been born on an ash-heap, then he would have made his way unaided to success and happiness, but he was cursed with wealth, and his life seemed to himself and to others wholly wasted.

Suddenly, however, he had spent all his money, and at a little over thirty he found himself the possessor of nothing but a great deal of experience, and compelled to begin life anew and in a saner way. Then, when all the conditions were miserable, Tiffany found happiness. He had to put his shoulder to the wheel, with no freedom to choose which wheel. He went to the West, and lived by taking any work that he could find. Once he was an indoor man, and gave his employer infinite satisfaction until he had earned enough to start in something else where there was more chance of promotion. He worked as a laborer in the mines, and, when his day's work was over, studied mineralogy and chemistry with an ardor he had never shown for his studies in college. The life of a gold or silver miner is full of vicissitudes, and Tiffany had many chances to see them all. These years were full of variety and interest: his adventures were many. He cruised on the Pacific, was shot by Mexicans, his good mines disappointed him, others turned out well, but he

came out of this wild turmoil with some reward for all his exertions.

In July, 1888, he married Mary Virginia Smith, the divorced wife of the late Ferdinand Yznaga. He lived in Paris until 1902, when he came to America, and went to Arkansas, where he was superintendent of a railway. There he secured a divorce from his wife for desertion. He came to New York, and interested himself in various business enterprises until his sudden death, from disease of the heart, in April, 1905.

It was a curious life, and not a conventional one, but Tiffany, as we know, hated conventions. Life was never too full of incidents for him. He loved the struggle of active life, he hated everything commonplace, and this world is made what it is by and for the commonplace. Even in those early days when, a helpless millionaire, he was obliged to give his whole mind to spending his fortune, he devoted himself to this task not only with energy, but with ingenuity. He saw interesting people, and he sought hard for some occupation that should be of benefit to the world. His driving of coaches interested him, not only as a means of doing something in the open air, but as a step to greater interest in horses. After the weariness of merely spending a fortune, the opportunity that he made for himself of earning another was a most welcome change, and he began to enjoy life when he was obliged to work for his daily bread, and his fortune came.

Of the man himself in his later years, when abundant and diverse experience had furnished him with copious material for reflection, he was, what he always had been, the most delightful of companions, amusing, witty, tactful, all set off by the most delightful manners and enlivened by most amusing anecdotes. The world had passed over him, not forgetting its task as a giver of lessons and as giver of hard knocks, but Tiffany's spirits were indomitable. He knew the world, and he forgave it. His cynicism was no more than amusing shrewdness, his heart was as warm as ever, his enthusiasm as prompt.

The most charming people in the world are always those who are least suited for it, and in accordance with this maxim

Tiffany's attractiveness was great. Nor were there counterbalancing faults: he was stanch to his friends, and singularly devoid of bitterness towards those who might have aroused that feeling. The qualities that impressed themselves on all who knew him lay deep in his nature. He was what he seemed,—one of the kindest of men, and, besides that, one of the most fascinating. T. S. P.

MELVIN AUGUSTUS UNDERWOOD. Born 1844.

He has continued to live in Boston and to hold a position in the Custom House.

ALFRED CLARENCE VINTON. Born 1844.

He has continued to live at Winchester, Mass., and to practise law at Boston. Until 1904 he continued conveyancer for the Metropolitan Water and Sewerage Board. He is President of the Massachusetts Conveyancers' Association.

THOMAS WREN WARD.

He has continued to reside in New York in the winter and at Mount Kisco in the summer. He has three grandchildren.

JOHN HENRY WATSON. Born 1845.

He has continued to live in New York City. He resigned as assistant minister of Trinity Chapel in October, 1902. Since then he has had charge of the Italian Church at San Salvatore, and at present is voluntary helper on the staff of the Protestant Episcopal Mission.

GEORGE DERBY WELLES. Born 1843.

He has continued to live in Paris, France. He has recently passed safely through typhoid fever, but his classmates will be sorry to hear is not yet restored to health.

LEONARD WHEELER. Born 1845.

He has continued to practise medicine in Worcester, Mass., and to be on the staff of the City Hospital, Memorial Hospital,

and St. Vincent Hospital, and since 1905 a Trustee of the State Hospital at Foxboro. He is the proud father of two more children: Leonard, born July 20, 1901, and Eunice, born September 25, 1903.

* JOHN MARSHALL WHITTEMORE, Jr. Born in Boston, June 6, 1846. Died in Cambridge, April 20, 1893.

* EDWARD TUCKERMAN WILKINSON. Born at Boston, October 14, 1844. Died at sea, December 27, 1873.

JOHN DAVIS WILLIAMS. Born 1845.

He has continued to reside in Boston and to be busy in the management of trust properties. He resigned his office of President of Institution for Savings at Roxbury in this vicinity December, 1902.

EDMUND WENTWORTH WRIGHT. Born 1844.

Since September 1, 1901, he has been principal of the high school at Old Orchard, Me.

* FRANK WRIGHT. Born November 12, 1844, died June 16, 1903.

The man who during his college course is able to impress himself upon his classmates and the college by originating some new interest in college life, particularly if it becomes permanent, gains for himself a recollection more lasting than that which comes from mere scholarship alone. Such was the good fortune of our classmate, Frank Wright, who will be remembered not alone for his many amiable and attractive qualities, but as the father of baseball at Harvard. With him I must join the name of our classmate, George A. Flagg,—*par nobile fratrum*,—who with him in March, 1863, organized the first baseball nine at Harvard, and with Wright as captain and pitcher and Flagg as catcher played the first collegiate game, and established baseball as one of the permanent college athletic sports.

How this was done Frank tells in a most interesting paper published in the *Harvard Bulletin*, October 15, 1902, under the

title of "Harvard Colors," where the recollections of nearly forty years are recalled, and youthful contests are again fought over. Wright remained captain and pitcher of the college nine during his entire college course. But it is not of Wright as we remember him in college that I would speak, but rather of him as a friend and companion in after-life, and the manner of man he was.

Wright was born at Auburn, N.Y., November 12, 1844. His father, David Wright, was a prominent lawyer of that place, and his mother, Martha Coffin, a sister of the well-known philanthropist, Lucretia Mott, brought to the household all the sweetness and sincerity of her Quaker training. Frank went to school at Englewood Academy, New Jersey, then quite famous as a preparatory school, and entered college from Phillips Exeter Academy at the age of seventeen. In college he was not a hard student, but he was popular, companionable, manly, clean, and athletic. When he stopped the hands of the clock on the belfry of the First Parish Church by pelting the dial with soft snowballs, and escaped from the Cambridge chief of police after a long race through the college yard, he incurred the temporary enmity of, but secured a potent friend in, that officer, who was of service to him when he ran for the office of County Clerk, of Putnam County, Florida, years afterwards. Wright early won the strong regard of all his classmates, and their attachment to him never wavered. He was one of our three marshals on Class Day. After graduation he studied law at Auburn for a short time, and then entered the employ of D. M. Osborne & Co., manufacturers of the Kirby Harvester at Auburn, N.Y. Mr. Osborne had married his oldest sister. In April, 1867, he married Miss Fanny R. Pell, of New York City; an acquaintance formed during his college days ripened into a union which was severed by Mrs. Wright's death. In October, 1869, his only child, Mabel, now the wife of Mr. James D. Livingston, of New York, was born. In 1873 a brief stay in Europe as Manager of the branch office of the D. M. Osborne Company in Liverpool was followed by his return to this country, and a residence in New York City. A great part of his ac-

tive life, however, was spent in Florida in the management of orange plantations, in which both he and his family were interested. More than once this enterprise seemed sure to be crowned with success, when his hopes as well as his orange-trees were blasted by unprecedented frosts. The patient labor of years came to naught, and he was obliged to abandon his groves and retire permanently from this business. During his stay in Florida he was elected County Clerk of Putnam County, and filled the office most acceptably until a change in the political complexion of the County and State rendered him no longer *persona grata* to the party in power. While there, the college was not forgotten, and the Harvard Club of Florida owes its origin to him. On his return from Florida he was in the employ of the American Bell Telephone Company at Boston, and in 1898 went to St. Louis, Mo., as the auditor of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in that city. October 22, 1900, he was married to Mrs. Julia Floyd-Jones, of St. Louis. He died at St. Louis after a short illness, June 16, 1903.

The important part which Wright took in college athletics gave to him a prominent position, not only in the Class, but in the college: and his acquaintance was broader than that which comes to the ordinary student. The qualities which made him attractive and gained for him friends there gained for him friendship and regard in after-life. His sanguine temperament made it easy for him to bear the disappointments which are sure to come to all of us; and, if fortune sometimes went against him, he did not repine, but turned to some new field of activity and usefulness. He was persevering and industrious, and, had favorable opportunities come to him, he would have achieved greater success. In all the relations of life he was both just and generous, and duty with him was ever put before pleasure and convenience. "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray you love, remember": and if, when we lay down the rosemary, we cannot perhaps gather up for our friend the laurel which falls to so few, yet, when we think of him as he was, we may truly say that he should have a lasting place in our regard and memory.

W. A. H., 2d.

THEODORE FRANCIS WRIGHT. Born 1845.

He has continued to reside at Cambridge, except one year when he was in Europe, 1902–03. He has continued to be the Dean of the New Church Theological School. He is the author of "Spiritual Exodus," January, 1906. He has been the editor of the *New Church Review* since 1903. He is a member of the American School of Archæology, of the American Oriental Society, and the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis. He has continued to be Professor of History of Religion, American Secretary of Palestine Exploration Fund, President of East End Christian Union of Cambridge, and Vice-President of the Associated Charities of Cambridge.

CLASSMATES NOT GRADUATED WITH US.

JOHN V. APTHORP. Born 1844.

He has continued in the real estate business in Boston, and lives in Milton, Mass.

GEORGE TYLER BIGELOW. Born 1845.

He has spent the last five years at Milwaukee, Wis., practising his profession of civil engineer. One of his sons finishes his education as engineer at the University of Wisconsin this year, and the other is in the Harvard Law School in the class of 1906.

* HENRY HARMON CHAMBERLIN. Born June 15, 1845. Died July 11, 1864.

EDWARD BROWN DICKINSON. Born 1844.

He has continued to live in Brooklyn and to be the official stenographer of Kings County Surrogate Court. He writes: "As to my history since the last Class Book came out, there has been no change in my affairs or my physical or mental condition except the natural changes arising from increasing age and deepening pessimism. . . . I have got to be in Saratoga on the morning of the 27th of June at the annual encampment of the Grand Army, of which I am the official stenographer, and I cannot therefore be present at the dinner the night before. I remember with painful vividness the fact that after the last Class Dinner I never slept a wink from sheer grief occasioned by memories aroused by that meeting, and I didn't get over the effects of it for many days. I determined then that I would never attend another class reunion, because, no matter how great pleasure it would give me to see the boys, gray-haired, bald, and wrinkled

as they are, the suffering which it would entail would unfit me for work for many days to come. It is a curious fact, separated as I have been from all members of the Class for ten years short of a half-century, that meeting them again makes my heart ache so. Still, I wish I might see the boys again. . . . I give you no apology for this long letter. There is no statute that I know of in the laws of Massachusetts which will compel you to read more of it than you care to."

* DAVID WEBBER FARQUHAR. Born 1844.

He was born in Boston on January 28, 1844, and graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy in 1862. He at once entered Harvard, but was obliged to go into business in California before graduation. In 1865 he returned, and engaged in business in New York City, remaining until 1873, when he became a partner in the business established in Boston in 1831 by his father, John Farquhar. He was active in local and State politics, and served in both branches of the Newton city government for some years. In 1896 he was appointed on the staff of Governor Greenhalge. At the time of his death he was President of the Phillips Exeter Alumni Association and of the Hunnewell Club of Newton, and was a member of the Scotch Charitable Society, the Winslow Lewis Lodge F. & A. M., and of a number of other social clubs and benefit societies. He died in Newton on May 17, 1905, aged sixty-one years. He made his home in Newton, and is survived by his widow and four sons, two of whom are graduates of Harvard, one has just passed his examinations for the Freshman Class, and the fourth expects to follow in the same path.

* CHARLES FISKE. Born at Buffalo, N.Y., February 25, 1845. Died at Los Angeles, Cal., January 28, 1876.

JAMES MURRAY FORBES. Born 1845.

He has continued to live at Boston in the winter and at Milton, Mass., and Islesboro, Me., in the summer.

* GEORGE HARSHA HATCH. Born January 4, 1846. Died July 4, 1865.

WILLIAM JONES LADD. Born 1844.

He has continued to live at Milton, Mass., and to be treasurer of mining companies in Boston. He modestly gives the names and dates of birth of nine grandchildren.

*NISBET LAWRENCE. Born November 29, 1844. Died March 24, 1868.

*WILLIAM NEWHALL LOCKE. Born January 28, 1842. Died November 26, 1865.

WILLIAM STORY SARGENT. Born 1842.

He has continued to live at West Medford, Mass., and to hold a position in the United States Sub-treasury in Boston.

CHARLES BATES TOWER. Born 1842.

With the exception of six months in Europe he has continued to live in Cambridge occupied in the care of his son's and his own property. He is treasurer of St. John's Memorial Chapel.

*FREDERIC TUDOR. He was born February 11, 1845, and entered college with our Class, but left at the end of the Freshman year, graduating with the Class of 1867. He died at Lincoln, Mass., October 28, 1902. The following notice is taken from the Boston *Evening Transcript:* "Mr. Frederic Tudor, the well-known engineer, died this morning in Lincoln at the age of fifty-six years and nine months. Mr. Tudor had been ill with consumption for many years, and had for the past few months been lingering between life and death, so his end is not unexpected to his friends. After spending the summer at Cataumet, he had moved only a week ago to Lincoln, where he had just taken a house.

"Mr. Tudor was a member of the old Boston family of that name, and spent most of his youth in this part of the country. He went to Harvard, and was graduated in 1867, in the same class with Bellamy Storer and Samuel Hoar. While there, he

JOSEPH HENRY WILLARD. Born February 28, 1844.

He has continued in the United States Army. He received his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel April 23, 1904. He was stationed at Chicago until August, 1903, after that in Los Angeles and at Newport, R.I., since December, 1903. His daughter Eleanor died at Evanston, Ill., January 17, 1901. As near as the Secretary can decipher his bold, but to the aged eyes of the Secretary somewhat illegible, handwriting, he says: "I hope to be well enough to go to Commencement and Storey's, too, if there is room for a satrap and imperialist in his ideal home and world, and I hope to bring my wife and three little daughters to the outing. I can't point with pride to my collegiate course, although I did well at West Point, but I take some satisfaction in the fact that men of my name have been at the head of Harvard College,—Samuel and Joseph, the first acting as Vice-President because he declined to live at Cambridge. I send the answers to your circular, which do not show anything remarkable. I haven't done much of anything but work for 'Uncle Sam.'"

*ABBOTT POMEROY WINGATE. Born August 3, 1844. Died May 23, 1864.

SUMMARY.

DEATHS.

Joseph Emmons Briggs	May 4, 1867.
Francis Augustus Carpenter	December 7, 1867.
John Clark	July 22, 1870.
Samuel Quarles French	May 27, 1872.
George Frederic Emery	December 20, 1873.
Edward Tuckerman Wilkinson	December 27, 1873.
John Dominis Brewer	December 15, 1879.
Nathaniel Francis Bright	July 8, 1880.
Artemas Rogers Holden	March 15, 1884.
Edward Henry Clark	April 13, 1885.
Robert Mendum Otis	March 19, 1886.
Stephen Henry Stackpole	July 23, 1886.
William Levi Parker	November 30, 1888.
Nicholas Longworth	January 18, 1890.
George Greenleaf Pratt	May 3, 1890.
Claudius Marcellus Jones	January 24, 1892.
Frederick Dabney	July 24, 1892.
John Marshall Whittemore, Jr.	April 20, 1893.
James Walker Lovering	May 17, 1895.
Henry Rolfe	October 11, 1895.
Henry Marshall Tate	February 7, 1897.
Thomas Nelson	November 19, 1897.
Frederick John Brown,	June 9, 1900.
John Henry Coppenhagen	August 31, 1900.
Elisha Dillingham Bangs	September 19, 1900.
Otis Liscome Leonard	May 11, 1903.
Frank Wright	June 16, 1903.
Charles Brooks Brigham	August 24, 1903.
Francis Calley Gray	February 13, 1904.
Marshall Paddock Stafford	October 29, 1904.
William Blaikie	December 6, 1904.
Edward Augustus Capen	February 4, 1905.
William George Tiffany	April 23, 1905.
Francis Benjamin Arnold	February 5, 1906.

MARRIAGES.

(*Deceased.)

Abbott	*Mary Goddard	April 21, 1869.
	*Abby Francis Woods	October 15, 1873.
	Maria Elizabeth Dexter	April 16, 1896.
Abercrombie	Julia A. Clapp	October 7, 1874.
*Arnold	Augusta Foote	March 6, 1869.
*Bangs	Georgianna Skillings	December 20, 1871.
Banker	Alice A. Van Vliet	September 18, 1873.
Batchelor	Priscilla Cushing Stearns	September 18, 1866.
Bent	Ellen Rutherford Foster	December 12, 1872.
*Blaikie	*Isabella Stewart Briggs	July 3, 1872.
	Rebecca Wilmot Scott	October 6, 1891.
Blair	*Mary Elizabeth Blake	September 29, 1868.
Boutwell	*Helen G. Willis	December 25, 1872.
	Jessie May Rogers	November 18, 1897.
*Brewer	Nannie Roberta Harris	April 27, 1872.
*Brigham	Alice Wyer Babcock	April 23, 1879.
*Bright	Helen Geneva Robinson	July 22, 1873.
Brinckerhoff	*Edith Adelaide Barry	December 25, 1866.
*Capen	Ellen Marion Thomas	May 9, 1871.
Carpenter, J. E.	Emmie Louise Smith	October 31, 1894.
Case	*Catherine A. Burling	June 4, 1874.
Cate	*Bella Lane	July 1, 1875.
Chace	Patia A. Howes	February 24, 1870.
Clark, T. M.	Jeannette French	November 11, 1879.
*Coppenhagen	Lou Belle Embry	April 28, 1881.
Crowninshield	Helen Susette Fairbanks	October 27, 1867.
Curtis	*Martha McCook Davis	October 20, 1874
	Netta Easter Blackwood	December 13, 1902.
*Dabney	*Isabelle G. Vezin	November 8, 1882.
Danforth	Mabel Irene Walsh	October 21, 1899.
Derby	*Eunice Harlow Ransom	August 29, 1872.
	*Frances Gage Janney	December 27, 1883.
	Margaret Elizabeth Leonard	August 29, 1903.
Dixon	Ellen R. Burrage	May 20, 1873.
Drone	Marie Louise Meyers	September 21, 1872.
Dunbar	Mary Watson	July 11, 1872.
Dwight	Sarah Catherine Iasigi	September 18, 1883.
Emerson	Annie Shepard Keyes	September 19, 1874.
Farlow	Lilian Horsford	January 10, 1900.
Farnham	Caroline Bell Emery	June 4, 1867.
Fenno	Ellen Marion Bradlee	February 22, 1872.
Fiske	Caroline Child	October 27, 1870.
Flagg	Fanny W. Jewett	June 15, 1869.
Gale	Emma M. Whitman	March 28, 1872.

Garland	Kate Agnes Howard	September 14, 1869.
Goodman	Grace H. Griswold	June 11, 1873.
Greenleaf, R. C.	Adeline Emma Stone	June 21, 1870.
Gregg	Mary Needham	December 3, 1874.
Harris	*Alice Gage	October 15, 1874.
	Helen Leonard	June 20, 1891.
Haskell	Florence E. Hayner	July 17, 1877
Hawes,	Amelia Appleton Prendergast	October 14, 1873.
Leonard, A. M.	Helen Augusta Adams	December 28, 1898.
Littlefield	Emily F. Willis	February 8, 1870.
Longstreth	Mary O, Hastings	October 11, 1871.
*Long worth	Susan Walker	October 2, 1866.
Loud	Emily K. Vickery	November 7, 1872.
*Lovering	Susan Rockwell Dow	May 15, 1873.
McBurney	Margaret Willoughby Weston	October 8, 1874.
McKim	Harriet R. Winthrop	September 15, 1870.
Mason	*Alice Grosvenor	June 27, 1867.
	*Emily Cozzens	July 6, 1887.
	Florence Angell	November 11, 1893.
Mayer	*Nina C. Stevens	November 24, 1869.
	Mary F. Lewis	May 11, 1875.
Murdock	Mary Margaret Shiland	December 29, 1880.
*Nelson	*Annie S. Bigelow	October 28, 1884.
Norton	*Lizzie N. Elder	December 4, 1872.
Osgood	*Jeannette Cabot Farley.	April 15, 1868.
	June Bright	June 27, 1891.
*Otis	*Sarah Emma Hayes	March 11, 1868.
	Hannah Abbie Trefethen	October 22, 1870.
Parker, J. O.	Clara Maynard	June 17, 1868.
Peabody	Annie Putnam	June 8, 1871.
Peirce	Christine A. Dunham	August 31, 1881.
Perkins	Jennie Watson	June 10, 1869.
Perry	Lilla Cabot	April 9, 1874.
*Pratt	*Lucretia B. Moulton	September 11, 1880.
Putnam	Marian Cabot	February 15, 1886.
Robinson	Ellen Frances Lord	November 15, 1869.
*Rolfe	Helena Hanak	April 20, 1884.
Shaw	*Carrie Maria Stevenson	April 5, 1876.
Shortlidge	*M. Jennie Johnson	March 12, 1874
	*Marie Dixon Jones	November 15, 1893.
Skillings	Katherine Davis	June 20, 1876.
*Stackpole	*Julia Langley Faunce	October 18, 1871.
Stoddard, F. R.	Mary F. Baldwin	April 8, 1868.
Stoddard, W. P.	Annie C. Farris	April 21, 1870.
Storey	Gertrude Cutts	January 6, 1870.
*Tate	Amelia M. Strickland	January 14, 1869.
Taylor	*Mary Amelia Benedict	October 13, 1869.
	Laurence Benoit	March 26, 1895.

Thorndike	Florence Greenough	June 4, 1878.
*Tiffany	Mary Virginia Smith	July 21, 1888.
Underwood	*Clara Isabella Babbitt	January 15, 1880.
Vinton	Emma Frances Mills	October 11, 1872.
Ward	Sophia Read Howard	May, 1872.
Watson	Susan Mathilda Hoffman	October 17, 1882.
Welles	Armandine Giffault	September 1, 1869.
Wheeler	Elizabeth Bancroft Cheever	November 23, 1897.
*Whittemore	*Louise Adams Kelsey	June 3, 1869.
Wright, E. W.	Mary Elizabeth Spencer	June 20, 1880.
*Wright, F.	*Fanny R. Pell	April 23, 1867.
	Julia Floyd-Jones	October 22, 1900.
Wright, T. F.	*Harriet S. Chapman	April 6, 1868.
	Pamelia Keith	December 4, 1879.

BIRTH OF CHILDREN.

(* Deceased.)

Abbott	Helen Francis	July 29, 1874.
	Madeline Livermore	November 2, 1876.
	Ann Francis	September 8, 1878.
	Caroline Livermore	April 25, 1880.
Abercrombie	Daniel Putnam	December 19, 1875.
	Frederick Clapp	September 19, 1882.
	Alice Clapp	May 15, 1891.
*Arnold	*Benjamin Foote	December 29, 1870.
	*Francis	March 30, 1872.
	Henry Newton	September 11, 1873.
	Frances	December 2, 1874.
	—— ——	—— ——
*Bangs	Mary Leslie	August 15, 1873.
Banker	Sarah Mildred	October 20, 1874.
	Alice Bessie Christina	December 25, 1875.
	Lyman Van Vliet	September 30, 1877.
	Addie A.	November 21, 1880.
	William Franklin Clark	December 27, 1883.
Batchelor	Edith, Received the Class Cradle,	October 31, 1867.
	Mary Axford	December 10, 1869.
	Ethel Stearns	August 27, 1872.
	Ellen Thaxter	July 29, 1877.
	Chauncy Cushing	May 29, 1879.

Bent	Bessie Conway	May 21, 1874.
*Blaikie	Rachel Briggs	April 19, 1873.
	Cameron	September 15, 1874.
	Lillias Stone	October 28, 1875.
	Julia	March 17, 1879.
	Stewart	April 6, 1881
	Mary Kerr	November 5, 1883.
Blair	*Louis Gorham	September 19, 1869.
	Edward Blake	July 23, 1871.
Boutwell	John Mason	May 1, 1874.
	Alice Bradford	January 5, 1882.
*Brewer	Charles	March 8, 1873.
	Arthur Harris	November 20, 1874.
	Martha Davis	April 23, 1877.
	Robert Edward	July 12, 1878.
*Brigham	Alice Wyer	January 18, 1880.
	William Babcock	July 27, 1881.
	Kate Duer	December 7, 1882.
Brinckerhoff	Henry Waller	July 6, 1869.
	*Edith Winship	July 15, 1870.
	*Mary Gordon	May 11, 1873.
	*Philip Bradford	May 2, 1881.
	Florence Emily	July 30, 1883.
*Capen	Randall Thomas	July 26, 1872.
	Edward William	February 10, 1875.
	Lucretia Augusta Marston	March 16, 1876.
Case	May Burling	February 22, 1876.
	Sarah Albertson	August, 1878.
Cate	*May Marguerite	May 2, 1877.
Chace	Blanche Rosamond	August 26, 1871.
	Frederic Irving	April 24, 1874.
Clark, T. M.	Austin Hobart	December 17, 1880.
	Rosamond	May 12, 1882.
	Mildred	September 14, 1888.
Crowninshield	Helen Susette	July 29, 1868.
	Edward Augustus	April 7, 1870.
	Frances Welch	June, 1872.
Derby	Florence Harlow	November 8, 1873.
	Alice Greenwood	October 24, 1878.
	Walter Janney	October 23, 1884.
	Dorothy Francis	May 2, 1889.
	Margaret Leonard	January 2, 1905.
Dixon	Roland Burrage	November 6, 1875.
Drone	*Douglas	July 10, 1873.
	*William	February 28, 1875.

Thorndike	Florence Greenough	June 4, 1878.
*Tiffany	Mary Virginia Smith	July 21, 1888.
Underwood	*Clara Isabella Babbitt	January 15, 1880.
Vinton	Emma Frances Mills	October 11, 1872.
Ward	Sophia Read Howard	May, 1872.
Watson	Susan Mathilda Hoffman	October 17, 1882.
Welles	Armandine Giffault	September 1, 1869.
Wheeler	Elizabeth Bancroft Cheever	November 23, 1897.
*Whittemore	*Louise Adams Kelsey	June 3, 1869.
Wright, E. W.	Mary Elizabeth Spencer	June 20, 1880.
*Wright, F.	*Fanny R. Pell	April 23, 1867.
	Julia Floyd-Jones	October 22, 1900.
Wright, T. F.	*Harriet S. Chapman	April 6, 1868.
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(* Deceased.)

Abbott	Helen Francis	July 29, 1874.
	Madeline Livermore	November 2, 1876.
	Ann Francis	September 8, 1878.
	Caroline Livermore	April 25, 1880.
Abercrombie	Daniel Putnam	December 19, 1875.
	Frederick Clapp	September 19, 1882.
	Alice Clapp	May 15, 1891.
*Arnold	*Benjamin Foote	December 29, 1870.
	*Francis	March 30, 1872.
	Henry Newton	September 11, 1873.
	Frances	December 2, 1874.
	—— ——	—— ——
*Bangs	Mary Leslie	August 15, 1873.
Banker	Sarah Mildred	October 20, 1874.
	Alice Bessie Christina	December 25, 1875.
	Lyman Van Vliet	September 30, 1877.
	Addie A.	November 21, 1880.
	William Franklin Clark	December 27, 1883.
Batchelor	Edith, Received the Class Cradle,	October 31, 1867.
	Mary Axford	December 10, 1869.
	Ethel Stearns	August 27, 1872.
	Ellen Thaxter	July 29, 1877.
	Chauncy Cushing	May 29, 1879.

Bent	Bessie Conway	May 21, 1874.
*Blaikie	Rachel Briggs	April 19, 1873.
	Cameron	September 15, 1874.
	Lillias Stone	October 28, 1875.
	Julia	March 17, 1879.
	Stewart	April 6, 1881
	Mary Kerr	November 5, 1883.
Blair	*Louis Gorham	September 19, 1869.
	Edward Blake	July 23, 1871.
Boutwell	John Mason	May 1, 1874.
	Alice Bradford	January 5, 1882.
*Brewer	Charles	March 8, 1873.
	Arthur Harris	November 20, 1874.
	Martha Davis	April 23, 1877.
	Robert Edward	July 12, 1878.
*Brigham	Alice Wyer	January 18, 1880.
	William Babcock	July 27, 1881.
	Kate Duer	December 7, 1882.
Brinckerhoff	Henry Waller	July 6, 1869.
	*Edith Winship	July 15, 1870.
	*Mary Gordon	May 11, 1873.
	*Philip Bradford	May 2, 1881.
	Florence Emily	July 30, 1883.
*Capen	Randall Thomas	July 26, 1872.
	Edward William	February 10, 1875.
	Lucretia Augusta Marston	March 16, 1876.
Case	May Burling	February 22, 1876.
	Sarah Albertson	August, 1878.
Cate	*May Marguerite	May 2, 1877.
Chace	Blanche Rosamond	August 26, 1871.
	Frederic Irving	April 24, 1874.
Clark, T. M.	Austin Hobart	December 17, 1880.
	Rosamond	May 12, 1882.
	Mildred	September 14, 1888.
Crowninshield	Helen Susette	July 29, 1868.
	Edward Augustus	April 7, 1870.
	Frances Welch	June, 1872.
Derby	Florence Harlow	November 8, 1873.
	Alice Greenwood	October 24, 1878.
	Walter Janney	October 23, 1884.
	Dorothy Francis	May 2, 1889.
	Margaret Leonard	January 2, 1905.
Dixon	Roland Burrage	November 6, 1875.
Drone	*Douglas	July 10, 1873.
	*William	February 28, 1875.

Dwight	Joseph	August 4, 1884.
	Sarah Catherine	July 31, 1885.
	Mary Collins	April 17, 1887.
	Margaret	January 24, 1889.
	Helen	June 7, 1891.
	*Laurence	August 5, 1892.
	Florence	April 17, 1894.
	*John Warren	May 11, 1895.
Emerson	*William	July 11, 1875.
	*Charles Lowell	July 3, 1876.
	*John	January 6, 1878.
	Ellen Tucker	April 28, 1880.
	Florence	October 29, 1882.
	William Forbes	May 26, 1884.
	Raymond	November 28, 1886.
Farnham	Edwin Emery	July 30, 1868.
	Lydia Raguet	September 22, 1869.
	*Benjamin Armstrong	November 4, 1870.
	*James Woodward	February 5, 1872.
Fenno	Henry Bradlee	August 10, 1873.
	Edward Nicoll	March 28, 1875.
	Marion Hilles	October 11, 1878.
Fiske	Philip Sidney	September 7, 1872.
	Annette	October 13, 1873.
	Marguerite	January 28, 1876.
Flagg	George	March 12, 1870.
	Charles J.	May 25, 1874.
	Henry Whiting	July 3, 1877.
Gale	Lyman Whitman	January 1, 1873.
	*George Ephraim	June 14, 1876.
	Mary Wakefield	May 11, 1878.
Garland	William Howard	August 14, 1871.
	Catherine Morrison	March 24, 1874.
	Louise	November 13, 1876.
	Charles	November 29, 1878.
Goodman	William	July 8, 1874.
Greenleaf, R. C.	*Marion Constance	June 17, 1871.
	Lewis Stone	July 26, 1872.
	*Richard Cranch	January 24, 1874.
	Alice Cameron	July 15, 1875.
	John	June 2, 1878.
	Richard Cranch	November 15, 1887.
Gregg	James Edgar	November 24, 1875.
	Mary Faith	March 23, 1877.
	Donald	June 4, 1880.
	Marjorie True	March 3, 1883.
	Richard Bartlett	February 13, 1885.

Gregg	Eleanor Delight	May 31, 1886.
	Alan	July 11, 1889.
Haskell	John Abraham	November 28, 1878.
	*Lucy Jane	July 29, 1880.
	*Florence Ellen	February 16, 1894.
Littlefield	Gertrude E.	January 8, 1871.
*Longworth	Nicholas	November 5, 1869.
	Annie Rives	December 11, 1880.
	Clara E.	1873.
	*Bryant	1875.
Loud	John Hermann	August 26, 1873.
	Oliver Blanchard	March 5, 1875.
	Ralph White	August 22, 1876.
	Martha Alice	May 4, 1878.
	*Warren	February 15, 1880.
	*Sarah Emily	December 30, 1884.
	Helen Frances	April 16, 1886.
	Roger Perkins	September 19, 1888.
*Lovering	Annie D.	February 20, 1874.
	Arthur	August 13, 1875.
	Nina Harriman	November 24, 1876.
	Joseph	August 29, 1879.
	Elinor	August 29, 1881.
	Susan Rockwell	August 14, 1886.
McBurney	Henry	July 13, 1875.
	Alice	January 15, 1877.
	Malcolm	March 31, 1884.
McKim	Winthrop	July 31, 1872.
	Le Roy	September 1, 1874.
	Alice Marston	February 16, 1876.
Mayer	Christine Stevens	December 7, 1870.
	George Lewis	August 7, 1876.
	Ethel M.	November 18, 1878.
	Henry Christian	July, 1883.
Murdock	Uriel Atwood	October 20, 1881.
*Nelson	Annie Victoire Adelaide	March 8, 1891.
Norton	John L.	October 27, 1873.
	George B.	September 30, 1875.
	Lizzie Elder	March 5, 1877.
Osgood	George Laurie	April 5, 1869.
	Farley	April 5, 1874.
	Marie Jeannette	April 9, 1877.
	*Lowell	January 5, 1894.
	*Eric	November 10, 1895.
	John Lowell	September 24, 1901.
*Otis	Sarah Emma	February 11, 1869.
	Robert Mendum	December 26, 1874.
	*Delano	September 19, 1876.

Parker, J. O.	James Alfred	May 30, 1869.
	*Maynard	January 5, 1874.
Peabody	*Ellen	June 30, 1872.
	*Arthur John	January 5, 1875.
	Katherine Putnam	January 3, 1877.
	Mary Derby	January 28, 1881
	Robert Ephraim	February 18, 1887.
Peirce	Stuart	August 3, 1882.
Perkins	Thomas Nelson	May 6, 1870.
	*Elliott	October 23, 1873.
	James Handasyd	January 11, 1876.
	John Forbes	March, 1878.
Perry	Margaret La Farge	November 13, 1876.
	Edith	October 5, 1880.
	Alice	September 21, 1883.
*Pratt	Charles Arthur	July 27, 1882.
	George E.	January 31, 1884.
Putnam	*Charles Pickering	March 25, 1887.
	Elizabeth Cabot	February 21, 1888.
	James Jackson	September 16, 1890.
	Marian Cabot	April 9, 1893.
	Louisa Higginson	February 1, 1895.
Robinson	Annie Maud	August 17, 1870.
	William Roland	December 25, 1872.
	*Mabelle Louise	November 13, 1876.
	George Lord	November 10, 1880.
*Rolfe	Henry Hanak	March 20, 1885.
Shaw	Frederick Pierpont	June 13, 1877.
	Annie	February 23, 1880.
Shortlidge	*Amelia Chandler	November 5, 1874.
	*Stella	June 19, 1876.
	Swithin C.	October 4, 1877.
	*Helen	January 22, 1879.
	Lucretia Mott	November 8, 1880.
	Wentworth Hatton	1881.
	Raphael Johnson	1883.
	Ernest Lynn	1885.
Skillings	William E.	July 16, 1877.
	Marjorie	October 8, 1879.
	Dorothy Katherine	October 15, 1893.
*Stackpole	Markham Winslow	June 5, 1873.
	Pierpont Langley	February 16, 1875.
	Stephen Theodore	October 14, 1885.
Stoddard, F. R.	Mary Baldwin	January 22, 1869.
	*Martha Le Baron	September 6, 1870.
	Francis Russell	July 26, 1877.

STODDARD, W. P.	*Prescott Farris	April 19, 1871.
	Mary Carver	June 25, 1873.
	Elizabeth Farris	October 23, 1876.
	Ellen Jeanette	September 1, 1880.
STOREY	Elizabeth Moorfield	February 16, 1871.
	Gertrude Lucy	October 21, 1872.
	Richard Cutts	April 30, 1875.
	Katharine	December 30, 1879.
	Charles Moorfield	March 4, 1889.
*TATE	Carrie Josephine	February 12, 1870.
	Gertrude Amelia	August 15, 1871.
	*Susie Frances	January 24, 1873.
	Winifred	July 2, 1886.
TAYLOR	Hattie Benedict	November 24, 1870.
THORNDIKE	Olivia	November 9, 1879.
	John Richard	May 19, 1882.
	Alice	November 8, 1886.
VINTON	*Helen Mills	October 6, 1874.
	Mabel Laurinda	April 16, 1880.
	*Stanley	October 8, 1881.
WARD	Elizabeth Howard	August 7, 1873.
	George Cabot	March 17, 1875.
	Howard Ridgely	November 10, 1881.
WATSON	Henry Lee	November 25, 1883.
	Mary Elmendorf	November 6, 1886.
	Eugene Augustus Hoffman	February 5, 1889.
WHEELER	Bancroft Cheever	June 6, 1899.
	Leonard	July 20, 1901.
	Eunice	September 25, 1903.
*WHITTEMORE	Francis Lee	May 6, 1871.
	James Kelsey	April 13, 1875.
	Wyman	April 6, 1879.
WRIGHT, E. W.	Eleanor May	January 12, 1886.
	Wentworth Spencer	January 8, 1889.
	Hunt	March 30, 1895.
*WRIGHT, F.	Mabel	October 30, 1869.

Total number of children, 241,—Boys, 125; Girls, 116.

OUR THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

(*For the benefit of those of the Class who were unable to be at the celebration.*)

Forty-two sat down to dinner at the Exchange Club on the evening before Commencement. The Class Chaplain, Batchelor, asked the blessing, and after dinner we listened to informal remarks from Storey, Hayes, Carpenter, Blaikie, McKim, Hawes, and Harris. An impromptu glee club was formed by Osgood, Underwood, Peabody, Putnam, and Blake, who lamented the absence of the Arion song-books, but favored us with the "Waltz," "Lovely Night," "Marion Lee," and "On a Bank Two Roses Fair," while all joined in "Fair Harvard" and the Class Song, and at the close "Auld Lang Syne."

Wednesday morning some twenty-five of the Class drove over the Boston Parks, from the Public Garden to the Arboretum, and, returning, were carried from Brookline Village to the Classroom, Quincy Street, by special electric cars. The drive was pronounced a success, particular interest being shown in Banker's endeavor to locate the place where he swam Jamaica Pond when a boy. The day was very warm, but the thirty members of the Class found our room at the Colonial Club a very comfortable haven of rest. The only business transacted was the election of Farlow to fill the vacancy on the Class Committee caused by the death of Bangs. As the members of the Class partook of the good old Fish-house punch, they remarked to Farnham, with one accord,

"Oh, might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine."

The Secretary has humbly to acknowledge that he has discovered the following errata in his last Report: He omitted to state that Gale has three grandchildren and McKim one, also that St. John's Church, of which Watson had charge, is in Kingston, N.Y. The asterisk at Peabody's name, under marriages, should be removed, and the child given to Ward, by the error of the printer, should be placed under Whittemore's name.

THE CLASS FUND.

The assets of the Class are:—

Mortgages on real estate	$1,939.00
Twenty Shares Hill Manufacturing Co.	780.00
Deposit in Suffolk Savings Bank	258.01
Cash on hand	116.72
Total	$3,093.73

Our liabilities are the expenses of the Class Supper and Class Report of this year and the photograph book.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT—*June*, 1901—*June*, 1906.

Received from subscriptions	$60.00
Interest and dividends	390.00
Paid for Class Report, 1901	105.75
Class Supper, 1901	290.10
Commencement expenses, 1901–1905	309.00

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY OF A CLASSMATE
AETAT 15.

Sunday, August 24, 1862. Had intended all along to leave Belfast (Maine) Monday. This a.m., just as I was getting ready to go to church, Ralph came over and said he must go to-day, as there might be trouble about a passport in Portland, so I concluded to go too. Went down and put names on stage book; got off before one. Rode 40 miles to Augusta, which was reached at 11 p.m. Rather a rough crowd; one man, all top boots and tow hair, wanted to know if I was a soldier! Rode on top of the stage all the way. Went to the Stanley House.

August 25th. Woke up by a loud knocking at 4.45, had breakfast and started off at half-past 5; very pleasant ride by train to Portland. Arriving at Portland found passport business all a humbug. Nobody said nothing to nobody. Home again.

August 26th. Went down town; saw Harry Rolfe and Bill Blaikie and had a confab with them. Went to headquarters 4th battalion to see Captain Richardson, who at first thinks I have come to enlist! Great time in Boston, shops all shut in p.m., speeches, etc. Tremendous excitement. Called at Scud's in a.m. Not at home. See him and Brigham in p.m. and walk down with them to see Fenno. More talk.

August 27th. Devilish hot. First thing, get expressman to take my things out to Cambridge. I see a great procession, an endless throng of men with banners. Went out to Cambridge with Jim Putnam; went to Dr. Newell's and took up my abode.

August 28th. First appearance as freshman. Waked up at 6, dressed and attended prayers for first time at quarter of 7. Eight minutes' fast walking to chapel. Peabody prayed for "those who are entering on their studies," and told them to appear at University Hall at quarter of 9. Saw quite a number of our fellows; "talked and conversed." At Harvard Hall we are told our text books, our hours of recitation, our first lessons; that

our class tutor was Andy Bates, Esq., and other interesting matters, including Noble as Latin tutor; Lincoln, mathematics; Hudson, Greek prose. Jim and I went over to Bill Parker's room with Jim Lovering and had a sitdown and talk. Saw Wilkinson there, then made a call on Blake, but he had not yet arrived. Jim and I went to fix our room a little, which was in a grand, chaotic state, as all of Charlie Putnam's things were in the way. Commenced to rain soon after, so we didn't get into town until one o'clock; got out to Cambridge at 7. Brought in valise two dictionaries and piece of soap! Evening, lie down on bed all dressed at 9½, wake up at 2 a.m., gas burning.

August 29th. Attended prayers; went down with Tower who lives near us. Went into town alone about half-past 10; walked up from bridge with Rolfe and Blaikie. Saw procession in honor of Corcoran, Corcoran himself. Tremendous ovation, crowds of Irish. Went to Put's house and found Walworth there; he walked with me to cars. Got text books for freshman course at University Book Store; also filed my bond at steward's office. When I got out to Cambridge found Jim and his mother arranging the things. p.m. Loafed and studied Odyssey. Cassius Gilmore looking out the words,—first-rate fellow, rejected for our class.

Rebels made bold dash on Manassas; $500,000 quartermaster's stores reported captured. Communication between our army and Washington cut off!

August 30th. Cut prayers. Harrowing tales of hazing from the fellows,—into Wingate's room, pinned him up against the wall, fellow with big club. Threat to strip! Had to recite digamma list! Mary Had a Little Lamb! Scud's door smashed in! They seated us at prayers; got Homer all ready to recite. Put filed bond; then made a call on different fellows. Went to recitation and recited nothing. More calls. Then went to get certificate and took it to Prexy's office, signed book,—father, mother and ancestors' names in full. Got "Bible and prayer book." Jim soon after went to Waltham (he got permission to go away first Sunday). I read my prayer book and Bible. Dr. Putnam called with things for Jim. p.m. Walked up to Watertown being accompanied half-way by Gilmore. Great battles today and yesterday. Enemy made audacious move, Pope and all generals fighting them,—vague accounts. First day we whipped,

8,000 killed and wounded. Oh, dear, if no good results follow this immense loss on our side, it will indeed be terrible.

August 31st. At church Rev. Weiss got up in an excited style and scared all the old ladies out of their wits, and made all females cry by announcing that a message had just arrived for all the doctors and all the hospital stores they could spare, at the same time making everybody think there was some late and terrible news, giving a despondent prayer. Church was at once dismissed, then there was excitement. Watertown was all bundles of lint,—a large amount was sent off. p.m. Back to Cambridge. A day of great excitement for news from army; crisis of our country. Extra today says that the second day (Saturday) fighting was in favor of rebels, and we were obliged to fall back to Centreville, rebels being reinforced

September 1st. Prayers as usual. Scud and Brigham visited again, but no personal violence; blasphemed and talked vulgarly all the time. Cowardly, dirty, ungentlemanly practice is hazing. First recitation in Harvard College. Recited; got off very well. Brought up Tiffany and Thorndike to house. Commenced ethics,—nasty stuff to learn. Recited to Peabody; not called up. Peab. gave us some good advice; asked us to consider him as father and adviser; also told us to beware of assembling today in squads, and not to accept any challenge at football; to remain in our rooms, and that we were justified in using any force against hazing. Appeared to be a nice old man. p.m. Recited Livy to George Noble; not called up. Evening, Scud and Brigham made a call and stayed until 11, consequently not much was done on the geometry. National affairs look dark, very dark. May all things turn out for the best.

September 2nd. Dug up on mathematics,—ugly lesson. Tower's company to recitation. Not called up, thank Heaven. Brought Smith up to my room. Dig there with Tower on Odyssey. Recite to Andy Bates,—not called up. p.m. Awful lazy,—hard work to get Herodotus; not called up again. No hazing last night. Sophs got wind of tutors. Bloody Monday is passed. Went up to Frank Wright's room, who appears a very nice and gentlemanly fellow. Went into town with Jim and George Welles. Very cold night.

September 3rd. Called up on mathematics,—rather a dead. Ethics again; miserable stuff,—not called up. Went to Billy

Parker's room and had a talk. p.m. Livy; not called up. Evening go to gymnasium; do not exercise. Got measured—pretty slim. Upper arm $10\frac{1}{8}$; lower $8\frac{7}{8}$; chest $32\frac{1}{8}$; height, stocking feet, 5–$6\frac{1}{8}$; weight $118\frac{3}{8}$. Man thought that the measure of upper arm is that of lower arm, being less than that of Bob Peabody's. Some excitement today, Sumner Paine being called up before the faculty for hazing, likewise Ben Pierce and Morrill. Sophs said freshman told; freshmen believe so. Blaikie, Jim is almost certain, let it out some way. Prex, however, and Regent gave word of honor that no fresh told. Good for '66. After gymnasium went up to Blake's room and scared him out of his wits, making him think we were sophs; he was certain of it, and that I was Stickney. We should have carried out the joke further, but the whole household began to come upstairs. Fine sell!

September 4th. Called up on mathematics and did pretty well. Went home and got Odyssey alone; did pretty well. p.m. Went to singing school, great institution; laughed all the time. Walworth came out to see us. After singing school went to see Tiffany; got very good rooms. Called up on Herodotus,—very poor show. Received invitation to join Boat Club, but have so much to do that doubt if I shall join before next term.

September 5th. Called up again on mathematics,—easy question,—then went home with Scud Storey and Frank Wright to learn a lesson in Goodwin's Moods and Tenses; awful stuff. We carried on for some time and then tried to study, but Scud had to go into his own room and I into Wright's bedroom, and all had to separate. If I had been called up on the stuff, I am afraid I should have made an awful slump. p.m. Livy; called up first time I have been by Noble; did pretty well. Evening went to gymnasium with Scud; had a good time tossing bean bags, turning myself inside out, etc. Little Dab is 4 feet 8 inches tall, and weighs $78\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Some of the sophs put up a notice very well got up, but a perfect lie, saying that Brigham offered his services as Reporter, having been already quite successful in that line. References, Sumner Paine and A. P. Peabody, D.D.

September 6th. Only one recitation,—Livy, and not called up. Packed my bag before I went to recitation, and left it in Blaikie's room. Stopped there a little while, thinking the mock parts would be given out, but they were postponed a week, because the faculty had not yet given out theirs. Went to Scud's room and

then went into Boston with 19 freshmen beside myself on board.

Sunday, September 7th. Father gave my allowance, one dollar a week; also wrote petition that I might stay at home Sundays. Left home at 20 minutes of 9, met Jim at bridge and walked out with him.

September 8th. Goodwin's Greek Moods again,—awful stuff; wasn't called up, but wanted to be. Next came ethics; loafed over that,—couldn't apply my mind to it, miserable stuff too. Wasn't called up, however, and haven't been once! Rumors of a fight at the gymnasium tonight. Am going. p.m. Got up Livy in grand style, Put. one-half and I the other; very short time; then singing school,—doubt if I shall learn much there. Then brought Henry Tate home with me. Mother and grandfather came out in chaise, so didn't have much chance to get up the Livy in very stunning style; was called up on the part that Jim translated to me. Evening attended gymnasium with Gilmores and Jim; arrived some time after the exercises commenced. All the freshman went through exercises in time to the piano. They soon, however, grow too difficult for me, bars, vaulting, etc. Must get up muscle before I attempt them. Longworth has got into something of a fuss with the sophomore,—Withington, challenged and all that sort of thing,—rather bull dog sort of thing. Went up to Longworth's room afterwards; very good fellow. Hope fight won't come off. No fight occurred at gymnasium except this squabble of Longworth's.

September 9th. Called up on mathematics, only man on my seat. Then went to Wright's room to study Odyssey. Treated to peaches all round. Scud ate 10. Study *some*. Called up on Homer; don't understand the place at first, and when I do find out, don't make much of a show. p.m. Herodotus,—got it first with Put, then Tower and Wate came in, and I read it over with them; not called up. Evening, to gymnasium with Wate, Storey and Brigham. Exercise again, but don't make such a devilish fool of myself on bars as before,—reason why, don't try 'em. Affair between Longworth and Withington came off all straight,—20 minutes' fighting with scarcely a blow hit; couldn't get in at one another; no blood shed. Shake hands. Spend the evening at Longworth's room.

September 10th. Called up on mathematics, making the fifth

time in succession, then went home and dug on ethics like a thousand of bricks, knowing that I certainly should be called up, as I, one of a very small number, have not been called up once. According to expectation I was called up, but on the page where I could make the least possible squirt of all. Just as was going home to dinner, met Mr. Octavius Pickering (Pick's uncle) who lives at corner of Berkeley Street, hunting around for some boys who were throwing stones at his house and breaking windows. We, Jim, Scud, Storey and I, hunted around a long while, stones being thrown from all directions. Seized one *apparently* innocent youth (Richard Dana), climbed over innumerable fences and found none. In p.m. they broke two more windows; cut the servant. p.m. Scud up at house and got Livy together (that is to say, had a good time in the highest sense of the word) studied *some*. Not called up. Evening went to gymnasium; managed to do a few things on parallel bars; bean bags, etc.

September 11th. Didn't get up until 20 minutes past six. Had to hurry off without washing my face even. Solly remembered me and called up all the men on my seat except myself, then went into first recitation in elocution, which was decidedly gay. Professor Jennison blowed about ¾ of an hour about professional dancers, blazé men, Hogarth's line of beauty, cartilaginous band, etc. Stood us up, made us advance, retire, step, withdraw, and let us go. He was particularly rough on Sa-mith. Then only an hour for Odyssey,—just read over review in a hurry and started off for singing school. The teacher Paine cannot understand anything—don't tell us where notes come. Shall leave if I don't get along any better. Called up on Herodotus. Evening, went to gymnasium with Scud; Put had headache and didn't go. Exercised considerable, did high parallel bars amid applause of the sophs.

September 12th. Didn't get up until 20 minutes past six. Again another hurry. Such a getting up doesn't pay. Was called up on mathematics. All (W)right, funny boy. Then retired to the solitude of my room to get my Goodwin (Joodwin). Awful stuff, as I have before remarked. Got it up decently well; wasn't called up, however, because I stared Bates nearly out of countenance. p.m. Boxed with Jim and got up Livy. Tower afterward came in and we got up some of the Latin exercises. Called up on Livy, as I expected. Poor Stafford made a go "with

a suit of clothing which they wore" (!) Evening didn't go to gymnasium, but stayed at home like a good boy. Rebels are everywhere,—Maryland, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Pennsylvania. Bad! Bad!! Bad!!!

September 13th. Hurried up lesson, packing bag, etc. Heavy load in and out; had to take dictionary in. Imagine the look of my shirt bosoms. Lesson was to 325th line; I have got to 150th. My consternation can be imagined. However, I was not called up, and they didn't get so far as I had translated, so my fears were groundless. Next attended the reading of the mock parts of the junior exhibition. It was very witty and good. Some of the hits were rather rough. Contradictory news about rebels retreating and advancing.

Sunday, September 14th. Went to church and slept. Read Latin exercises and studied *some* on Goodwin. Read "A Life Secret." Going out to Cambridge in the horse-car rather a lively carload. At one time prospect of two fights. Got out before ten. Some news of a battle at Harper's Ferry; reported victory for our side. So mote it be.

September 15th. Woke up in some kind of season luckily, then studied that confounded Goodwin. Was called up; didn't make a *dead.* Then went to house with Tudor and Wilkinson; read over Latin exercises, then lovely ethics, bewitching study. Not called up. Rather a laugh on Bishop Butler. Then went to Storey's room—kick up—hats out of window, etc. Box with Picky, then with Jim. p.m. Livy, then singing school. Rather a gay time,—Paine no sort of a teacher. "The (ha) class (ha) must be (ha) more sober (ha)." Then to Regent's office to see whether Sunday petition has been granted. All serene. Went home with Charlie Ellis to buy his English-Greek dictionary. Evening to gymnasium,—made a little progress, can walk through bars forward and partly backwards. Good news tonight. Splendid victory of McClellan over rebels, they probably retreating in confusion over the Potomac. Hip, Hoorah! Still it is safe to postpone cheering until we get fairly out of the woods.

September 16th. Called up on mathematics. Loafed about a very little and then went in to Odyssey as I would into "the man who wronged my sire's renown." (Storey) Worked like a Trojan and got 300 lines in an hour, that is to say, 305, lesson going to 350th. He heard as far as 165th. Was called up and

suffice it to say, didn't astonish Andy by any marvellous display of knowledge. p.m. Commenced on Herodotus like a thousand of brick translated my part and then my vigor failed. Got up lesson pretty well. Most miserable lesson on all sides,—gay time laughing. Poor Stafford called up unexpectedly; acted as if he had just got up, and translated as if he hadn't seen the inside of a Latin book for a twelvemonth. Old Tudor kept me on the grin all the time. I wasn't called up. Rumor tonight that Longstreet's division of 5000 men have been taken prisoners; no other news from McClellan. May everything turn out straight.

September 17th. Called up on mathematics; got through about straight, then like a fool went to Frank Wright's room and with Scud and Wilkinson *studied* (!) Of course, about all the studying was in my eye. Ethics too! Went to Peab. with fear and trembling. I was called up last one, and only one on review; didn't do bad. Was just going to make a tremendous squirt when Peab. nearly knocked me down by asking how the grounds of right and wrong existed in the nature of things! Everybody said they expected I would slump, but I got off something about necessity and the old fellow was satisfied. p.m. Got up Livy with Jim and then went to Tower's to get up some more. We accordingly did nothing. Was called up. Went into town this evening with Jim. Walked out at 9.45; got out to Square in 38 minutes. News as a general thing unfavorable, though vague. The rebels seem to be trying to cross the Potomac and McClellan to be giving them particular fits.

September 18th. Terribly hard lesson in mathematics, proportion and similar polygons. Awful. I went into recitation with a generally confused mingling of the problems in my head; was called up on one of the hardest. Could have got through with it, however, if I hadn't mistaken its place in the lesson. As it was, I proved it, but not at all the way it was in the book, then got confused, rubbed it out before Solly had finished his explanation and retired amidst the uproarious applause of the division. Then went into elocution, where Bogie Jennison made a fool of himself and endeavored to snub the fellows as usual. E. W. Wright was snickering all the time and got me laughing confoundedly; then home at $11\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour to get 95 lines in Odyssey. I had time to get 30 only, and then would not have got as far as we recited by 15 lines, as I went over it twice, had not Chamberlin read them

over to me just as the recitation bell rang. Wasn't called up. Then work on Herodotus like the devil, then hurry off to singing; then to Tate's room and read over Herodotus, then home. Evening no gymnasium, but study up Odyssey. Lay down and slept from 10 until half-past 11. Scud and Jim read the Odyssey. The whole day didn't have a moment I could call my own to loaf in. Study, study like a dog,—worse than the Latin School in that respect —and got Greek exercises to hand in Saturday, in which I have not done a thing, and a great review in geometry, Lord help us.

September 19th. Called up on mathematics on same theorem I didn't do exactly right at my first recitation. Shows that Solly Lincoln has got something of a memory. p.m. Livy—felt rather lazy and didn't get it up in the finest style. No recitation was made at all, all the time being taken up with explanation of Latin exercises we wrote, and giving us the English of another. The fellows learnt the results of their examination on their conditions today; a larger number than usual were unsuccessful. Evening, Greek exercises. Went to Scud's room and found Farlow and Stafford there. Worked from 8 until quarter of 12 before I finished it. Awful hard work,—extra too. Then went home and read it over with Jim and copied it off. Didn't get to bed until one. News today that whole rebel army is retreating from Maryland and "victory crowns our arms." Learned today that Harrington's room was entered in his absence the other night, the furniture all smashed up and things thrown about the room. Pledge—a soph's word of honor!

Saturday, September 20th. Jim cut prayers. I had about as much as I could conveniently do in one hour and a half to pack bag and get Goodwin. Got into recitation with *rather a slight* knowledge of Mr. G's moods and tenses; wasn't called up. Rushed right off into town. p.m. Went out to Readville camp. Any number there I knew, in the regiment (44th) and out. Willie Parker, Jim Lovering and Whittemore were there from our class. Great crowd. Saw a dress parade.

Sunday, September 21st. Went to church. Afternoon studied some on Goodwin. Packed my bag and off. Went down to Put's house and found note saying that he would be at the bridge at quarter past 9.

September 22. Greeks moods in the first place, and devilish little knowledge of it. Not called up. Today great excitement

among the freshman class on account of a mean, cowardly and contemptible attack on Brigham and Storey's room while they were absent Saturday night and Sunday afternoon. Perfect sack. Lounge ripped up, gaslight turned off, middle of Greek dictionary burned out, books stolen, ink, benzoline and blacking scattered about everywhere, pictures smashed and general scene of devastation. Most awful scene I ever witnessed. Peab. was in the room third person, but I don't believe anybody will be discovered. Dirty business anyway. Didn't study much on ethics, but wasn't called up. p.m. Hurried up the Livy and off to singing school, then went to Gene Greenleaf's room and studied geometry. Was called up on Livy. Evening went to gymnasium, got very hot; parallel-barred a little. Scud, the homeless wanderer, slept with me tonight. Read some in Edwin Brothertoft, while Picky, the ruthless destroyer, employed his time in smashing our precious treasures.

Tuesday, September 23d. Mathematics; did honor to my name. Took Wingate and Tate up to the house and had Odyssey read by Jim. Jim didn't know it as well as Mr. Homer, and consequently we had to do translation to him. Afterward Wate and Tower came in—got up our Homer in good style. Not called up. p.m. Read Edwin Brothertoft and got up Herodotus. Scud again spends night with me. President's proclamation of emancipation in the rebel states. I don't know what to think about it; I hope it will turn out for the best, but don't know. I wish he had let the troublesome subject alone altogether. I see that Nat Wales is wounded in the battle of Antietam.

September 24th. Examination in mathematics at Harvard Hall; started at 3 minutes of 9; paper not very hard. Got through just in time, then 3 hours to get ethics in. Wilkinson and I went up to house, loafed a little and read some of the Latin exercise and studied ethics some. Wasn't called up. Brought, as always have to do when I want visitors, Kettell up to house. p.m. I felt terribly disinclined towards studying, at which Jim was greatly enraged. We managed to get through with Livy, however, after a fashion. Smith and Scud then called. Went to recitation in a shower (with umbrella and small knowledge of lesson); recited by gaslight. Didn't expect to be called up, as have been twice in succession—was, however, and didn't astonish the natives. Evening, Jim went into Boston, I to gym-

nasium; then studied geometry and Homer for next day, then went to bed.

September 25th. My 5-recitation day, the hardest one of the week. Very hard lesson in mathematics, but by assiduous digging managed to get a very fair knowledge out of it. Was called up today, the seventh time in succession. Then tried unsuccessfully to obtain the Birds of Aristophanes. Went into Bob Peabody, and Jack Williams's room, then Bogy, that ancient humbug, most killed my arm by holding it out about half an hour in accordance with directions. Then got Homer with Scud; was called up, and flatter myself that I did pretty well. Last of Homer today. p.m. Jim read Herodotus to me, then went to singing school. Bob Peabody finally managed to let Mr. Paine know that we knew nothing about music, and he actually explained something. Went home and shaved. Bought a second-hand copy of the Birds of Aristophanes for 38 cents. Wasn't called up on Herodotus. Evening went to gymnasium; came home and studied geometry. Frank Gray called. Fight today between Harrington, Freshman, and Willard, fresh soph.

September 26th. Not called up on mathematics. Went to Tower's house to study the Birds of Aristophanes; not called up on the Birds. p.m. Read some on Latin exercise and studied Livy. Evening went to gymnasium. Heard today of a fight last night which was glorious for '66. That big fool of a Sparrell was so soundly thrashed by Fenno that he had to go home today with his face bandaged up. Hurrah for '66!

Saturday, September 27th. The lesson was Goodwin, but didn't recite any of it as all our time was taken up with examining Greek exercises under Andy's protecting care. Mine was all marked over with corrections. Went into town with Scud, Brigham, Wilkinson and Smith. S., W. and S. wanted me to go down the harbor with them, but I thought I had better not, and I first went to see Thacher Loring, while W. and S. went to inquire after Sparrell. Found that Nat Wales had a very fortunate escape from death at the battle of Antietam. No stirring news from the seat of war. Father is very despondent about the emancipation proclamation.

Sunday, September 28th. Rainy. Didn't go to church and didn't go to sleep! Evening stormy, so thought I would go to Put's house instead of bridge where I had appointed.

Didn't find him at the house, and went to the horse car depot and got wet through. Came out in same car, however.

September 29th. Called up in Herodotus—pretty fair. Took Frank Wright up to house and Jim and he and I loafed about much and studied little. Not called up on ethics. Made a call on Bangs and Dixon, then went to Scud's room and ate a lot of trash. p.m. Got Livy in a hurry and off to singing school. Sang solo to great delight of the whole audience, then went to Scud's room, but Wilkinson came in, and our studying wasn't of that high and mighty order which Andy would like to see. Was called upon review, which I hadn't looked at since last Friday; didn't astonish the natives. Evening, Scud, Tower, the Gilmores, Jim, Pick and I raised generally. All finally went off and left me here in my glory. News today that General Davis has shot General Nelson dead! Everything seems going to the Devil about as fast as it can conveniently.

September 30th. Had quite a long theorem in mathematics but got through all straight. Went home and dug up on the Birds alone after reading it over in company with Tower. Called up and distinguished myself by corroborating all of Andy's statements in a highly intelligent manner. Went home and boxed with Tower. p.m. Got up Herodotus by reading it over to the aforesaid Tower in truly gorgeous style, but wasn't called up as might have been expected. Evening went to gymnasium; had a jolly time, but Molineaux didn't go through his regular exercises. Four sophs were suspended yesterday, Sparrell, Morrell, Nichols and Peters.

October 1st. Dr. Francis officiated at prayers. Called up in mathematics, in which study the lessons are getting extremely hard. Had intended to go into town this noon—got up my Livy last night—but unfortunately it was very rainy. I couldn't possibly have had a better day, for on account of Dr. Peabody's absence we didn't recite ethics. Scud Storey played a mean trick on me by refusing to go up and unlock his door and let me get my umbrella. Pick has not been well for the last two or three days,—studies too hard. p.m. Attempted to do a little on Greek exercises. Shaved. Called up on Livy. Had a box with Tower, also one with Jim.

October 2nd. Very hard lesson in mathematics. Most singularly I wasn't called up! I might have got through all right.

Old Bogey instructed us in the art of bowing and nearly killed me, or I nearly died myself with laughter. Rushed home and got my Aristophanes; wasn't called up. Raining, raining steadily. p.m. Got Herodotus and went to singing school, where we had somewhat better fun,—actually sung the first line of a tune, tenor and bass. Quite fine! Then went to Scud's room and read Herodotus with Wilkinson and him. Called up on Herodotus —Stafford deaded. Raining all day.

October 3rd. Called up on mathematics. Went home and got up Goodwin in fine style, expecting that I should be called up, as I have not been yet by Bates. Willie Farlow came in and made a call. Wasn't called up. Evening, Jim and I studied a long while on Greek exercises and didn't get the first sentence to our satisfaction.

Saturday, October 4th. Ramsay—terribly hard—only an hour's study in the a.m. Felt particularly shaky. Spent half hour of recitation on Latin exercises, then I was called up! Most fortunately on the very thing which I had dug on most. Scud and I went to dentist's, where I had the pleasure of hearing that there was nothing to be done, while Scud that one tooth was to be filled and another pulled! Saw Dick in evening, who seems most terribly blue—poor fellow, he ought to enlist.

October 5th. Sunday evening, got out all safely. Great improvement in looks of our room made by framed engravings of Jim's and pictures of mine put up around the room,—quite swell, in fact.

Monday, October 6th. Today Dr. Hill was elected President. Not called up on Goodwin. Ned Lowell called on Jim and brought us some pears. Not called up on ethics. p.m. After getting Livy went to singing, where we had a very pleasant time singing *something*. I left my note book in Herodotus recitation room, consequently didn't get my Livy up in that truly noble style I generally do. Wasn't called up, however, probably on account of that magnificent squirt on Ramsay. Evening Jim and I went to Scud's room to read Greek exercises—perfectly awful exercises —worked all night. Went home at half-past 12, got to bed at 2! Jim stayed all night at Scud's. However, should have finished it sooner if had stayed at home. Mistaken idea.

October 7th. Cut prayers and studied geometry; called up. Got my note book from Hudson. Worried myself over my Greek

exercises to no purpose, and got my Aristophanes; called up, and made quite a squirt in commenting. p.m. Got up Herodotus; called up last one and made rather a bungle in attempting to scan a pentameter line in hexameter style. Evening, Scud at house—studied *some*. General Devens nominated for governor by people's convention. May he be elected! Poor Stafford slumped again on Herodotus.

October 8th. Called up on mathematics, and after a great deal of puzzling, and thinking I would sit down and give it up, I came out all straight but one step, then came home and studied ethics and packed bag to go into town. Went into town with George Welles, to whom I translated the Livy going in. Terrible, sweltering, hot July weather over again. Evening, Jim went to Waltham and I to gymnasium. Lay down on bed and took a short nap; woke up and found that it was 2.20, and that I had slept two hours and a half. Peab. gave us notice that our average would be given us tomorrow. Dog at prayers this a.m., running all over chapel.

October 9th. Not called up once today. About as hot as yesterday. How long can such weather as this last? Geometry quite hard. Wingate and one or two others deaded. Bogey, confounded impudent fellow,—we had all to bow and scrape, stretch out our arms and make fools of ourselves generally. He threatened one fellow with an admonition for laughing,—about called him a fool. Wate, however, gave him as good as he sent,—in fact, was confoundedly impudent. Our division had only one hour to get 81 lines of Aristophanes. Scud, Stafford and I rushed it right through, and with Brigham's aid on the last few lines managed to get through just as the recitation bell rang. p.m. Went to singing school where Paine called up Mr. Peabody and Mr. Stratton alternately, to the great disgust of those gentlemen. Evening went to gymnasium. Dumb-belled and Indian-clubbed until I was in a reeking perspiration. Went home and studied on my geometry. Average of the first and second divisions got out today. A. K. Fiske went $7\frac{3}{5}$th, Haskins ditto, Dabney $7\frac{1}{2}$, Hawes 7.

October 10th. Called up on mathematics; got through well, then went home and got Goodwin; called up by Andy for first time on that branch. Evening, went through all the rain and mud to gymnasium. Finished my Latin exercises. Today got our averages. I stand about 14, with an average of 7_{11}^{1}th,—Scud

lower even than I; Tate, high rank; Wingate first. Two men from the country, Fiske and Hawes, first and second places respectively; Williams 4th.

Saturday, October 11th. Disagreeable—went to prayers in rain. Got ready to go into town and read over advance of Ramsay. Got another Latin exercise from Noble. In town, looked for a study table at auction rooms. Treated Virgin, Wilkinson and Jim. Bought shaving brush. Went to Latin School—public Saturday today. Heard some of the first class speak. Not what it used to be!

Sunday, October 12th. News came Saturday that Stewart's rebel cavalry had managed to cross the Potomac and had got into Maryland. Disgraceful. They ought to be captured, but probably will not; also that Buell has gained a good victory over Bragg, the latter's army being completely used up. Good!

Monday, October 13th. Evening, went with Scud and made call on Stackpole and chum Capen. Then through mud and rain I went to Billy Parker's and got 50 lines of Aristophanes. Rebels got back into Virginia, according to today's paper.

October 14th. Called up on mathematics. On account of my poor reputation with Lincoln as a mathematical scholar, he gave to Scud a rather long proposition which I knew perfectly, which would have fallen to me. Went home and idled away my time instead of studying the Birds; wasn't called up, however. Poor Scud was, and made a most miserable recitation, as he spent all his time on the advance and got farther than he needed and hadn't looked at the place in the review where he was called up. Andy gave us another stunning Greek exercise to be handed in in a week p.m. Called up on Herodotus; didn't make the most brilliant recitation possible. Virgin deaded on mathematics today, and Stackpole partly. Today the report is that the rebel cavalry have not escaped into Virginia again, but that some of them are still in Maryland. Evening, gymnasium. Sophs shut out tonight. When Scud and I left we met a whole crowd of sophs going to gym. They didn't molest us, only wanted to know whether we were freshmen.

October 15th. After mathematics met —— (a junior) who asked me up to his room and presented me with a pony on Aristophanes, which I am in doubt whether to use or not. He then took me down to his boat house and I went out in his wherry,

with hair not parted in the middle. Tipped up and down and managed to get a few strokes in with both oars. After rowing went home and studied ethics. p.m. Got Livy, wrote first sentence of Greek exercise, etc. Evening, first day of draft in Boston. About 400 drafted, among them is George Wells, perhaps George D. Welles, of our class. Elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana seem to have gone rather in favor of democrats.

October 16th. Bogey was very much pleasanter than ever before. I had very little trouble indeed. After elocution I went into Jack Williams's room and studied. All our time with Andy was taken up examining Greek exercises. Evening, second lot of drafted men 500. Little Dab made a call. Went to gymnasium, copied over Greek exercises, dug up on geometry examination tomorrow.

October 17th. Mathematics examination in Harvard Hall. I had decently easy paper; got through just in time; learned my mark on last examination, which was perfect, 48. After examination went in and studied Aristophanes with Scud and Frank Wright. Called up on scanning,—did pretty well. p.m. Thacher Loring came out to see me, stayed about an hour, though I didn't have a great deal of that hour to devote to him on account of my studies. Called up on Livy. One of the visiting committee came in just after I recited and stayed during the remainder of the recitation. News came this a.m. that McClellan's army has advanced. May it advance this time to victory. Would that this war would close this winter. It is too good a thing to hope for. Evening, the Gilmores, Pick, Jim and I in room. I declaimed,—make considerable noise—Miss Newell requests us to stop.

October 18th. Didn't have time to look at the review in Goodwin, tremble for fear that I shall be called up. Lucky. Walked into town with Jim, Rolfe and Stafford. Went to Cook's and got "Monitor" hat. It is possible that there will be no draft at all in Boston; number has been obtained within 300, and $200 is offered as a bounty to volunteers.

October 20th. Several men slumped on ethics. Catalogues out today.

October 21st. Holiday. Very cold, hard frost. Scud and I went out to Newton by Watertown horse cars to see Willie Farlow.

Found Harris there. Went out chestnuting, but I must say that the pleasure of eating them is greater than that of gathering them. Ate quite enough to prostrate three common men. In p.m. went over his father's place, and new house which he is building. The house is large and handsome. About 4½ started for Watertown and spent the night there, getting up at half-past five to ride down and go to prayers in Cambridge.

October 22nd. Nasty lesson in geometry; called up, and to my joy proved that my theorem was all right. Was informed by Welles that I could see the 44th regiment leave if I told Peab. that I had relations or an intimate friend. Received permission from Peab., but will have to make up four chapters of ethics Monday. Went into Boston at 11 to see the 44th regiment Saw ——, —— and ——; had quite a talk with them; bade them goodbye. The regiment halted for half an hour on the common—tremendous crowd and a very respectable one too. Threatened rain and a great gale of wind caused a stampede of the spectators. I saw the regiment pass on Park Street. They all come back in 9 months. p.m. In Livy recitation old Gardner, Dimmock and another man were present.

October 23rd. Geometry,—called up, "all right." Then Bogey, but Bogey to our great sorrow and disappointment didn't appear, so after five minutes' waiting we went away with heavy hearts. Got Aristophanes with Scud. p.m. Singing school, then went to Tate's room and read over Herodotus with him. Tate, by the way, has ponies in everything. Went home and found Dabney boxing with Put,—Virgil, Gilmore, Cassius and Pick spectators. Evening, gymnasium. General Devens accepted his nomination this week. No news from the army. McClellan is supposed to be getting ready to march "on to Richmond." Mathematics, then went home to study Goodwin, and magnificent squirt on it, —perfectly amazing! p.m. Scud was up at the house, and I did no studying at all. All the day I had been in a state of agony just because the button of my shirt came off, which he (Scud) kindly sewed on. Evening, gymnasium. Little Dab again at house boxing.

October 25th. With very slight knowledge of Ramsay I went into recitation; I was not called up. Our Latin exercise books were given back,—just one correction made. Went to town alone, Jim going into Mason's room to sing.

October 27th. Still raining. Went home and dug on ethics, over 100 pages, two hours steadily, and then like a fool, misunderstanding about my making up of the lesson I was excused on, was called up on today's lesson, and thought at the time that answered the purpose of making up. I found out afterwards that I was mistaken and Peab. told me I could make it up Wednesday, by which time I shall have forgotten all about it. Evening, gymnasium.

October 29th. Made a dead on mathematics, in fact, two. Called up on hardest proposition in the lesson; told him I couldn't do it. Solly gave me another, which I decidedly boshed on. Took Wilkinson up with me to study ethics? Evening went into town,—walked in from college to Charles Street in 36 minutes.

October 30th. Another slump in mathematics,—two slumps in succession in one branch is rather rough, to say the least. After mathematics with Scud made a visit on Tudor. Evening, gymnasium.

October 31st. Called up on mathematics and didn't "make a slump." From all accounts the army of the Potomac is steadily advancing. Banks is getting ready an expedition against Texas; Galveston has been taken; Mobile is threatened; yet this war does not seem nearer its end than it did a year ago. An exciting political contest will be decided next Tuesday. Andrew will be elected; I trust Sumner will not. I hope that Andrew will have so small a majority that he may be ashamed of it; that Judge Thomas will be elected over Boutwell, and that some of the other abolition congressmen will escape, if they do at all, by the skin of their teeth.

November 1st. Called up on Goodwin. Went into town. Blessed sophomore Ordway bumped into me on Washington Street. I should like to meet him and try the same game on him. See by paper that 44th regiment arrived safe at New Berne.

November 2nd, Sunday. Read 80 pages of Grote to-day.

November 3rd, Monday. First lesson in logic; recited it to Jimmy Mills Pierce—nasty stuff—wasn't called up. p.m. Singing school. Evening stayed at home and studied,—a good prospect for some hard study this week, Herodotus examination taking place Friday. 300 pages in Grote to be read over Friday; also Greek exercises to be handed in same day.

November 4th. Slumped in mathematics. Evening study, study, study until half-past 11. Election day. No probability of Andrew's defeat; chance of election of one or two members of congress; bare chance of electing majority in legislature. I most devoutly hope that a legislature friendly to Charles Sumner will not be elected.

November 5th. Cut prayers this a.m. The election turned overwhelmingly in favor of the Republicans,—Andrew 25,000 majority—legislature 280 to 40, Rice, Republican, however, defeated in 3rd district by Sleeper, People's candidate. I am sorry, very sorry, as it probably results in Sumner's election to senate. In New York and other States the anti-republicans have carried the day. The scoundrels Ferd. and Ben Wood are elected.

November 6th. Not called up in mathematics,—never knew the advance so well in my life. Bogey put us through our gestures with accompanying sentences, "There is a happy land far, far away," Wilkinson; "So say we all of us," Tiffany. The infernal humbug kept us until after 11, the hour for our recitation in Herodotus—devilish hard. Went to read an hour and a half and then came about 3 hours' worth of history. Read ¾ of an hour more on the blamed stuff and then went to dinner. Evening studied until half-past 12. Scud up at the room until quarter past 11. Andy got off a facetious thing—Ktomai present for future, like English "bound to do a thing,"—ancient ballad, "I am bound to be a soldier boy." Scud and I sold Brigham like a brick on it; told him that Andy sang six verses of it straight through accompanying himself on the jews-harp in the chorus. Brigham believed the first part of it, but the last rather staggered even his powers of belief.

November 7th. Called up on mathematics all right. It commenced about 8 o'clock this morning to hail and snow a little; by 12 the snow was two or three inches deep, and still snow and blowing furiously. Continued snow and blow until late at night, making one of the largest early snow storms we have had for 80 years. p.m. In Livy had a little variety at the recitation. When we were over half-way through our recitation, it being pitch dark outside, a large snow ball was thrown against one of our windows, making us all jump. Soon after came another one splash through the blind, where the window happened to be

open, a large portion falling on Frank Wright's head. Mr. Noble merely said, "Mr. Wright, will you shut the window?" and Mr. Wright shut it and the recitation proceeded. When I went out from recitation about a dozen fellows were pelting Solly Lincoln's windows. Terrible storm—got home, changed clothes. Evening Jim went out in all the storm to Mason's room to sing.

Saturday, November 8. Snow over—signs of rain. Terrible hard work running to prayers—completely blown—if I had run another step I should have tumbled down. Wet my feet again. Poor recitation made on all sides on Ramsay; I wasn't called up. Terrible walking,—went into town and got me a pair of rubber boots.

Sunday, November 9. News came this a.m. that seems hardly credible, that General McClellan has been removed from his command, and General Burnside takes his place. If this is true, it is the most abominable, shameful ingratitude that has taken place during this war, in fact, I feel so indignant that I cannot bring words strong enough here for my feelings. That General McClellan, after having been *implored* to assume the command from which he had been removed when Washington was in imminent danger, when the army was demoralized, and everybody was in a panic, saved Washington, drove the rebels from Maryland, and now in the face of the enemy, should be removed, seems incomprehensible to me. Went out to Cambridge alone; didn't go to bed until one, studying on Ramsay until 12½.

Monday, November 10. Livy examination from 8 until 9½—did decidedly well, then went home and studied. Logic at 1; at 11 recited first lesson in new book, "Cicero's Immortality of the Soul," to Hudson. Went to Williams's room where I studied logic. p.m. No recitation except singing, where Jim and I went and raised as usual. Made a call on Stoddard; Whittemore was there. Halleck's letter published today seems to give sufficient grounds for the removal of McClellan. Still I can hardly think it is for the best, in fact, I don't know what to think,—whether it was done fairly and honestly, because McClellan was not up to the mark, or whether his removal was the work of his inveterate enemies, the abolitionists. I want to have confidence in somebody, and certainly during the whole affair and despite attacks of his enemies, he has behaved with decency.

Tuesday, November 11th. Bully recitation on mathematics,

in fact, I haven't for an age known a geometry lesson so well as I did that one. As I knew I should not recite on Aristophanes on account of Greek examination, I only got about two pages. Greek examination books handed back. Andy informs us that we are to have an examination on Greek composition, the last one before the Thanksgiving recess. It is as good as a farce to hear Andy's remarks on the exercises, "Here comes again that treacherous παις" "I would not let the 'erring children' stand by themselves." p.m. Cicero—read it over after a fashion with Tower and Put. I don't like the book. It is sort of an abstract, abstruse essay, and the meaning of a great part of it, and a good translation for a great many of the words, is particularly hard to be arrived at. Called up again. Certainly didn't make such a brilliant display as to astonish John Elbridge Hudson.

November 12th. Had 5 minutes this a.m. to dress for prayers. p.m. Went with Scud to get my averages, and to see how many prayers I had down for me. Strange to say, though I have cut three times, I only had one down. Peabody, addressing me at first as "Mr. Tiffany, I believe," told me that I had improved on Latin and Greek poetry—8 on ethics, an improvement of $\frac{5}{8}$, and gone down on geometry—on the whole an improvement. Evening, went to gymnasium and after that came home and had my picture taken by native artists, Jim and George Goddard,—profile shadow on the wall.

November 13th. Called upon mathematics—got through all straight. We next go into Peirce's Algebra, which everybody tells me is beastly. Between elocution and mathematics went into Williams's room and got some Aristophanes with him and Frank Wright, Welles. Bogie told me that in one of my gestures I looked like the saints in the old missals. p.m. Singing school; evening gymnasium.

November 14th. Only 5 minutes again to dress for prayers, on account of my making mistake of 10 minutes in looking at my watch, and then going to bed again. We have to get all the translation of the advance now in Aristophanes, as Andy wishes us to accomplish as much as possible before Thanksgiving. He got off quite a number of facetious jokes today. "Horse cock" occurred in the lesson. Accordingly Andy remarked that it was hardly necessary to remind us of the lecture through which we had lately gone about "riding a cock horse to Banbury Cross";

also about the music made by striking a man on the head, etc., etc. Evening, Blake and Dabney up at house,—first time I have seen Blake for an age. More of the profile pictures taken.

November 15th. After Aristophanes recitation went back to room and read on Greek Exercises until 11¼, and then, as there was no car ready to start, went on foot and walked as far as Cambridgeport before a car overtook me. Bought a pair of dark purple kids at Hovey's.

Sunday, November 16th. Swelled out to church in my purple kids.

November 17th. Nothing in particular. Went up stairs and saw Jim dance with chair preparatory to his going to dancing school next Wednesday. Worked on Greek examination and mathematics.

November 18th. Mathematical examination. Knew a little about it last week, but not a great deal today; didn't have time to do one of the problems. My mark on the last one was good, 46. Evening, went to gymnasium.

November 19th. First lesson in Peirce's Algebra,—very easy. We are to bring sum (some, aha! very good, standing freshman joke) books at next recitation. Rain; determined to go into town or perish in the attempt. Jimmie Mills called me up on the beastly logic. Went into town with Fenno. A drunken captain on the car caused great fun, and persisted in embracing Fenno. Evening went to gymnasium.

November 20th. Cut prayers, for the very good reason that neither Jim nor myself woke up until the last bell was ringing. Called up on Latin, and Bogey gave us a dialogue on Brutus and Cassius, which we have got to translate into the "language of gesture"! How I shall do it I don't know. Went to Williams's room and got Cicero with him. Evening, gymnasium with Scud; after gymnasium we make a call on Blake. Sell Gilmore about ye hazing which ye Class of '66 will do.

November 21st. Cut prayers again, as it is rainy, and have only one down against me. Evening, Dab and Scud and dummy and I play whist,—jolly time.

November 24th. p.m. Scud at house to study! Of course, no studying done. Singing school; raise as usual; Paine mad. Two windows smashed while I am reciting in Livy,—one stone came into the room. Noble very anxious about my injuries, and walked

with me a little way. Evening, Greek Exercises—sleepy. Burnside is before Fredericksburg. Trouble anticipated tonight from Sophs. Put. and Scud smoke cigarettes—wicked fellows!

November 25th. Greek examination to Andy Bates an hour and a half. Smith's room, where Wilkinson, Kettell, Smith and I played euchre, etc., ye stately Longworth looking on. Bye the bye, Smith is summoned for 12 o'clock. Went home and studied *some*, but thoughts of vacation were uppermost. Hurried off and left what I wanted to carry. Solly Lincoln let us off from recitation. Went to Scud's room and waited for him to get ready to leave, and then farewell to Cambridge for six days!

Monday, December 1. Met Brigham. He sold everybody about his examination mark, which was only 18. He made a 4 out of the 1 and showed it to Blaikie,—consequently an explosion. Obliged to come out earlier than otherwise should, on account of the devilish singing school. By the by, I don't see but I shall be obliged to give it up now that we have so little time in the p.m. Tudor and Tate came out in the same car. Old Paine got rather excited and made proclamations of dire punishment after his usual style. After singing school had intended to go to Tate's room to get the Cicero, but unfortunately Tate and I were allured from the paths of study by the sirens of pleasure, Frank Wright and Wilkinson, to play cards. Luckily for us we had no recitation in Cicero, but we found out our marks in the history examination. Mine was 38, translation 11, questions on ditto 11, Goodwin 10, history 6.

December 2. According to the new arrangement had breakfast at 7.10 and attended prayers at 7.45, by which I gain an hour in the a.m. Dr. Hill, our new President, was introduced after prayers by Dr. Peabody and made quite a nice speech. He is very far from handsome. Called up on algebra. The mode of doing things in this study is to do one sum on the board and another in the sum book. Wilkinson and Storey go to my room with me. Wilkinson and I have a box, and then Storey and Wilkinson. Our Aristophanes, I am afraid, rather suffered, and we found (*even Storey*) the pony a present help in time of trouble. Not called up. p.m. Cicero. Go into recitation with a very unsatisfactory knowledge of lesson. Not called up. Evening, Scud comes to room, and go to gymnasium. Congress re-assembled yesterday and the President's message was read. He proposes an amend-

ment to the constitution for gradually compensated emancipation of all the slaves in the Union, so that by the year 1900 slavery shall cease to exist.

December 3. Cut prayers this a.m. All ready, but as I had no watch, depended on Pickering and Putnam. Accordingly when I had just started the bell began to ring. Called up in mathematics today for the seventh time in succession. Five Sophs suspended today, four solely on account of the class supper—Mifflin until next September, Paine, Rand, Johnson and Willard until next term. Mean thing on part of faculty. Went to Tudor's room with Welles to get logic (?), but about all we did was to enjoy ourselves, consequently my knowledge of the lesson was exceedingly slim. However, wasn't called up. p.m. Livy. Studied pretty well, though Pickering was near me and bothered me. Called up. Another window smashed in recitation room, sending the glass through the blinds across the room. Evening, Jim goes in town to dance; I to gymnasium to muscleize.

December 4. Called up on mathematics; all straight. Bogey had given us a dialogue between Brutus and Cassius, to translate into the language of gesture, *i.e.* two fellows to get up and, not saying a word, make motions to express the ideas. It was a "screaming farce." In the first place, it was laughable enough to see Bogey go through it with his "meditative air," "dreamy expression," "amiable hang of the head," etc., etc., but to see the fellows go through with it, it was perfectly killing. He got Stafford and me up, and when I would hang my head to show my grief, he would grin, and when he would make up an awful face to show my coldness, I would grin, so between us there was a general roar. Got my Aristophanes at Storey's room with F. Wright and him. p.m. Singing school. Tate, by the by, has got excused from it by the faculty. Got Cicero with Scud and Wilkinson. Called up. Evening had a little shindy in my room,—Storey, Farlow, Skillings, Wilkinson, Smith, Gray and Pickering. Muggins, boxing, intellectual conversation, euchre, etc. were in the program. Performances closed at eleven.

December 5. Had sum on the board in greatest common divisor. Did sum over twice exactly same answer, exactly same work. Spent all my time over it—not right,—in short, it is what you might call a dead. Went home and got Aristophanes; not called up. p.m. Went to Tommy Hill to see how I got on in the

past month. He was smiling as a basket of—in short—chips. Prex. "In Latin you commence with a very good mark, in October you make a large gain. (Grin.) In November you gain still more. (Another grin.) In Greek prose you increased your mark so high in October that it will be difficult to make it larger. (Another grin.) In Greek poetry you commenced with good mark; in October great increase; in November still more (Two more grins of redoubled violence.) It is indeed pleasant to read this record of steady advancements. (Grin, grin.) In mathematics, Ah, you commenced too well to admit of retaining it, I fear. Yes, a falling off, but a very light one, in October, but in November you again catch up. (Grin! Grin!! Grin!!!) I think, sir, your rank is very satisfactory." To Williams's room to get Livy with Welles and him. Evening. Rainstorm. In all the rain down to find somebody to play cards. Rummage about and at last find two Stoddards and Whittemore in. Euchre and whist until 11. Rain, rain, rain.

December 6. Shortly after midnight changed to snow, so when waked up found great quantity of snow on the ground; snowing hard. Cut prayers. Called up on Ramsay. Got Latin Exercises book back. After recitation go to Osgood's room with Jim.

December 8, Monday. Very cold. Called up on Cicero. Went to Scud's to study logic. Frank Wright on the sofa, sick. Very hard lesson. When bell rang neither Scud, Wright nor I knew anything about the lesson. They were called up and managed to get off decently well. p.m. Singing school. Went to Williams's room to get the Livy. Evening, went to gymnasium.

December 9. Called up on mathematics. Got Aristophanes with Storey and Wright; not called up. p.m. Cicero, two pages of which I was obliged to learn in the class; not called up. Scud in nearly the same situation; got up and made rather a slump. Evening, gymnasium.

December 10. No recitation in mathematics; the sums were given us to perform at our rooms. Got up my logic a little better than I did last Monday. Recited in Bates's room. Called up and made quite a little squirt. p.m. Livy; called up. Evening, attempt to get up a euchre party at room, but as everybody was studying, gave it up. Evening, did algebra with Tower and Scud.

December 11. Called up in mathematics. Bogey in new room, southwest basement of university. Gave us a long lesson on tra-

chia, abdomen, epiglottis, thorax, epigastrium, etc., to be recited next week. Got Aristophanes with Williams; called up as usual in parsing. p.m. Went to singing school; paid for my book. Nothing recited on Cicero, only some remarks on conditional sentences. Greek and Latin were taken down to be recited next time.

News came tonight that Fredericksburg is being bombarded and that the army is in motion,—it may be to victory. Evening, gymnasium. While there, a grand hazing party of George Goddard, Charles Putnam, and Harry Williams attack Putnam, Cassius and Pickering. Brave defence and strenuous.

December 12. Called up on mathematics. Put sprained his ankle during a fight last night and is disabled for recitation and prayers; got Aristophanes with him. Called up again on Aristophanes; most astounding thing. p.m. Not called up on Livy.

News comes that Fredericksburg has been occupied by our forces. This is only the beginning of a struggle which is to be most bloody, and whose issues most uncertain. I suppose that our troops will have to fight their whole way to Richmond. If McClellan was commander, whose reputation grows brighter and brighter every day, I should have more confidence.

Evening, Scud and Tower at room—euchre.

December 13. Not called up on Aristophanes. Our next lesson will be our last in this book. Our next book will be the Medea of Euripides with Latin (!) notes. After recitation went to Kettell's room and played euchre. Got into town about one.

Sunday, December 14. News comes today that the battle was begun at Fredericksburg.

December 15. Learn from Charlie Putnam that Jim's ankle is not well enough to permit of his walking, so he will have to stay in the house, perhaps a week (!) Rather lonesome here, no chum. Called up on conditional questions. Go home and study logic. Jimmy Mills gives other two divisions a lecture, and gets half-way through one with us when he hears a little noise, sees Stoddard and Stafford talking, and at once breaks up the lecture and proceeds to call up all the fellows on the two back seats in our division, and up I come. Regular old scrouge! He didn't dead me though. p.m. Singing school. Go to Peabody's room and get Livy. Another of our windows smashed in Livy recitation.

It seems that one wing of our army drove rebels a mile and slept where they fought; they failed to take the heights back of Fredericksburg. Good news that Banks has landed in North Carolina and is marching on Weldon. Hoorah!

December 16. Found side door of chapel locked at prayers, consequently half a dozen of us fellows had to march down the whole length of chapel while Peabody was reading. Called up on mathematics. Went to Welles's room to learn Aristophanes. Called up on scanning. p.m. Learn Cicero with Scud and Tower. Hudson "would like to have Messrs. Smith, Stratton, Tudor, Whittemore, Wingate and Frank Wright stop after recitation." After recitation we were requested to remain in our rooms tonight. I invited Welles, Scud and Tower to the room. We eat (drink and are merry) when in comes (as expected) William Blaikie, with a request that I should go with him to the faculty meeting. Accordingly I went, and "with knees trembling" a little (I confess) I entered the dread presence of the learned faculty of Harvard University (!) I soon felt at my ease and answered the questions asked me by the different gentlemen, (it was a full faculty meeting) none of whom (with the exception of Bennie Peirce) roughed me much. The whole thing was about Smith and Wingate's kicking on Andy Bates's door. They asked me if I saw, and if I did it, both of which questions I answered in the negative. They asked me a great many general questions about the sentiment of the class, and whether there was any feeling of resentment against the sophomores for breaking windows in Noble's recitation room. On the whole I got off pretty easily. Went home and had a good time.

Great disappointment about the war. Everybody in the dumps, and rightly so. It seems as if we were going to the dogs. Grand slaughter of our brave soldiers at Fredericksburg, and all to no purpose. All hoax about Banks being landed in North Carolina. He is certainly going to the Gulf. Oh, dear, where are we going to!

December 17. Called up on mathematics as usual; went home and studied logic; not called up. p.m. Livy; called up. Evening, gymnasium. Feels lonely out here, no chum. There is the vacant chair, but the man that should occupy it is stretched on a bed of suffering in a neighboring city!

December 18. Called up on mathematics. Bogey didn't call

upon me on his lecture. He also gives us some more to learn, which we shall not recite for three weeks. Went to Storey's room and got the Medea with him. Andy Bates marked me late today, also Tower and Underwood, who came in after I had sat down. I had no idea he had marked me, when Underwood went up and told me he had. Andy was right on his huffy when I intimated my opinion that I was not late, but said he would take it off. p.m. Singing school. Got Cicero at Tate's room; called up. Evening, Scud comes up to my room and we get our Odyssey with pony for examination. How much of it I remember I know not, as I was dozing a good part of the time.

December 19. Called up on mathematics. Scud and I got out a translation of Medea, and I then go home. Called up by Andy, who smiled at me in his facetious way all through recitation. p.m. Got Livy at Tate's; called up. Evening go to Gymnasium. Go home and play cards with Pickering,—whist with two dummies,—and still no chum. Cold as the very devil tonight, and the stormy wind doth blow, in addition.

December 20. Cold as Satan, with fierce wind blowing. I am called up on Ramsay. Go to Bob Peabody's room (whose chum has gone into town used up) and go into town with him. See Major Willard's funeral on Charles Street. Poor fellow, and how many fine fellows like him have been and are to be slain, and the war not a bit nearer its close. How long, O Lord, how long! Went into Peabody's house and warmed myself, then went to Put's house and saw him. What a meeting was that! After staying some time and talking different matters over, started for home. So cold that I rode up. p.m. Got invite for small shindy at Lovering's in a week or so.

December 22. Called up for the fifth time on logic. Hard reduction of Bokardo to Barbara at the board. Wingate deaded on it. A. K. Fiske rather stuck; I, after some help from J. M. Peirce, Esq., managed to get through with it. p.m. Singing. Got my Livy at Stoddard's room with Whittemore and Williams; not called up. Storey, Pickering, Jim and I play whist.

December 23. Called up on mathematics. Tower and I got out the Medea with the assistance of Tower's pony; not called up. p.m. First lesson in Zumpt's Latin Grammar, a beastly book. I also was in a mood very averse to studying, consequently my lesson was a very poor one. However, was not called up. Jim

invited Jim Lovering, Billy Parker and Wilkinson up to the room. Parker had a cold and could not come. Jim L. came late and stayed a short time. Storey, Wilkinson, Jim, Tower, Pickering and I played cards, etc. Storey, W., T. and I had a regular staying time at everlasting! Rev. Newell got disturbed at last part and just as the fellows opened the door to go he made his appearance, offered a few touching remarks about closing his house, lateness of the hour, etc., and retired mid great applause of the surrounding spectators.

December 24. Called up on mathematics. Got Livy with Tower and pony. Looked at my logic, knowing that I could not be called up. p.m. Pack bag preparatory to going to town. Had Livy recitation at four, on account of handing in petition.

Rev. Mr. Fuller's funeral (killed at Fredericksburg) passed through Cambridge this afternoon. Called up on Livy. Bade all the fellows a Merry Christmas; went into town with George Welles. (Pick and Put are making such a devil of a noise that I cannot hear myself think.)

December 26. Left home about nine; came out in the same car with Ward. Called up in mathematics, for which recitation I arrived just in time. Got Medea with Tower & Company (that is to say, pony). Not called up. p.m. Forget whether I was called up on Livy, but I guess it doesn't matter much. Evening, foggy and nasty. Slept until nine, then Kettell and Tower came in and played two games of whist, Kettell and I against Jim and Tower. K. and I waxed them completely. Sent them to Roxbury first game and nearly brought them back second game.

December 27. Called up by Andy. Went to Kettell's room and he and I again played whist against Wilky and Tower, and again were completely victorious.

The 44th has got back safe to Newbern. Frank wires home a short note that he is safe; Will Howe was wounded slightly on the finger.

Sunday evening, 28th. Started for my car crammed full. Jim Lovering and I secured seats. I had supreme pleasure in giving mine to Miss Lovering! Got out about ten.

December 29th. Called up on Zumpt. Got (?) logic at Storey's room. p.m. Singing school. Cut up as usual. Only ones left are Jim Lovering, Bob Peabody, Chamberlain, Abercrombie,

Dunbar, French, Virgin, Watson, Whittemore, Jim and I. Got Livy with Storey and Frank Wright. Evening go to gymnasium.

December 30. Called up on mathematics. Got Medea with Tower. Two men besides "Dandy Andy" heard us recite. Not called up. A little excitement today about some hand bills posted all over Cambridge last night, got up by Sophs. The faculty, however, got wind of them and Benny Peirce, assisted by an efficient cast of Irishmen, had them down before morning. They took off some of the faculty in great style. Andy Bates, Sandy Andy, Joey Cooke, Jimmy Mills, the intelligent ape, Alden, the idiotic African, etc. The last is a proctor. I saw them at Tudor's room, who managed to secure copies of them. p.m. Zumpt and Cicero; not called up. Evening, Scud at room. Got ready to go to Lovering's shindy,—capping verses. Jim made up his mind not to go because his lame ankle prevented his dancing. By appointment Frank Wright, Hayes, Gene Greenleaf and I go off together, as I did not know where the house was.

January 1st, New Year's Day. May it be the beginning of a better year than the last for our country. I am afraid that the emancipation proclamation won't make much in that direction. There is to be a great powwow at Music Hall and also a great negro jubilee at Tremont Temple.

January 2d. Got Medea with Frank Wright, Tower and two ponies in a very imperfect manner. Go out as usual for Washington pie. Not called up, that is to say, on Medea, not pie.

LAST TERM—SENIOR.

Tuesday, February 27, 1866. Read Hallam till about 12, being determined to finish it if possible before the beginning of the term. The vacation has gone by like a flash. Although I have not done all that I laid out for myself and all that I wished to do, I feel well satisfied with the way in which I have spent my four weeks. On my way down town called at Storey's, but found him out. Evening. A little more Hallam and a little folding of the hands to sleep.

Thursday, March 1. Wound up Mr. Hallam! Packed my trunk and bag and got in trim for Cambridge. Arrived in snow

flurry and am received with open arms by my chum in good old S. 25. After a short but affecting parley dropped in at R's and stayed to dinner, which after proceeding to at Mrs. Morgan's found our seven fellows in highest state of indignation against Mrs. Morgan because we had been kicked out of our old room by a table of Sophomores. After dinner read "Much Ado" and began a nap which is nipped in the bud by Fritz Dabney.

Friday, March 2. After the party last night I sat up with Tiffany and Robb until 2.15, then read political economy, but found it "no go." Slept on the sofa in my overcoat from three till four and then made my bed and lay in it. Our old familiar friend, the prayer bell, roused us as easily as though its labors had not been suspended for four weeks. After breakfast and Peab's. recitation I went into town. Spent two delightful hours with my old friend Joshua Tucker (dentist) who requested the pleasure of my company next week, but after all, "It is nothing compared with the sufferings of our soldiers at Andersonville."

Sunday, March 4. Spent the day in my usual devout and edifying manner. Rather disagreeably renewed my afternoon church going. After church took a glorious walk down Tremont St., around the Common, and "Tadmor in the Wilderness" over Berkeley St. and Columbus Ave. Evening. Passed unscathed in travelling through the perils on the Cambridge Horse R.R., looked at clear, delightful Metaphysics and went to bed.

March 5. After prayers Charlie Mac kept me from going astray to Mrs. Morgan's and led me in the right direction to Mrs. Sawin's and breakfast. Mr. Bowen's recitation Scud and I passed in the good old edifying manner. Mr. B. being attended to I turned my attention to Latin and Mr. Lane. Then read the lesson in metaphysics for tomorrow, very interesting chapter on the condition of the mind in sleep. p.m. No histories to be obtained so had no studying to do.

March 6. Weather very windy, dusty and disagreeable. At 11 interesting lecture from Torrey. Loafed about with Perry till dinner. After dinner spent my time foolishly. Found Mr. May very interesting (when I finally gave my attention to him).

March 7. Nothing exciting transpired in recitation this a.m. excepting Stoddard's remark that "She sang her own songs which she had no ear for music." Two hours before dinner spent in grubbing about in the Pudding rooms. Billy Hayes and I for

the one hundredth and seventeenth time drew beautiful pictures of the H. P. C. as it should be. After supper found Scud and Emerson in the room with Put. Accordingly we got up some glorious revels for Seaver's benefit. Mrs. 'Arris and Sary Gamp were the life of the occasion. It was a phenix like flash of sophomoric lightheartedness.

March 8. After Bowen's recitation walked into town with Perry. So windy, dusty and disagreeable that we rode out.

March 9. Showed my superiority to the fatigues of parties by spurting in political economy on one half hour's study. Kept my appointment with Josh who greeted me with open arms and several of his favorite pick axes and patent excavators. I diverted myself with vain endeavors to remember the "Mabel Waltz" and pleasant social converse with the Doctor. He informed me that they think they have got hold of the infernal villain that killed the Joyce children last June.

Saturday, March 10. Forgetful of the class meeting called to decide price of photographs and class cradle Peabody, Put and I stayed in our room practicing the new waltz step like idiotic young elephants. Most uncomfortable walk home up from Charles St. in the sun, wind and dust. Evening. Took delightful nap from 8.30 to 10.30.

Sunday. Breakfast, a little King Lear after, then a dirty, dusty and disagreeable walk to church. Beautiful sleep in church and a walk home unpleasantly like the one from home. After dinner took another nap, hardly waking up in time to get to church. As it began to storm a little concluded to go out to Cambridge while it was light. Took tea with T. S. P. and John at Sawin's and after a short call in the former's darkened chamber reached my own room which with its blazing fire had a very inviting appearance. In the course of the evening took a few more naps. Finally Put and my own strong will wakened me sufficiently to read Mr. Collier's remarks on his Folio of 1632 and get metaphysics, then went to bed.

Monday, March 12. Made several stupid blunders with Mr. Lane. After dinner read King Lear so long that I was obliged to shirk my history; consequently disgraced myself before the estimable Torrey.

March 13. Slept on the lounge over metaphysics from 12 till past 3. This a.m. the weather was so delightfully mild the whole

college sat with open windows, but by evening the wind had changed to the east and all was chill again.

March 14. Rather slumped with my friend Mr. Bowen. Went home and read The Collegian which made its appearance last night. The typographical execution is excellent and the articles were very fair. At supper heard of Mr. Sparks' death. The Assembly will consequently be postponed.

March 15. Most beautiful and springlike day. Took a walk alone to and about Mt. Auburn, reading assiduously the inscriptions on the tombstones. Attended a lecture by Thomas Hill, D.D., which consisted of a few explanatory remarks and a weak personal reminiscence about a cup of strong tea.

March 16. Squirted with Dr. P. on one half hour's study and the state of Scotland. After Latin Bellamy Storer came up and spent an hour. Put having been appointed Chief Marshal of Mr. Sparks' funeral has conscripted him and me as assistants. At 12 began the forensic. I had first read Macaulay's Essay on Church and State and so had pretty easy sailing. Wrote nine pages in two hours and twenty minutes.

March 17. This day was marked as being St. Patrick's and Mr. Sparks'. In the honor of each there was a procession. The St. P.'s went by Dr. Peab.'s recitation room, causing immense excitement. Hurried to the chapel to take my place as assistant usher at Mr. Sparks' funeral.

Monday, March 19. Just broke my neck writing Latin exercises for Mr. Lane this a.m. Accordingly after it, read one hour and slept one hour. At dinner Tom P. told us that doctor advised a week at Newport for the resting of his eyes. We had an affecting parting on Sever and Francis' corner. Evening. Gene comes up and spends over an hour: very pleasant raking up of old times with a salting down of the present and casting a horoscope of the future. Put's turtles have kept us amused all day with their absurd actions, and even now I hear them scratching about while standing on their heads in the retirement of the water pail. "Glue" came up this p.m. and stuck here until I sent him off with fifty cents and a recommendation to others to do the same.

March 20. After Bowen's recitation spent a little while in vain endeavors to write for the Collegian. p.m. Put dissects his old turtle, that is to say, the smaller one, Bobby. Made a mistake in mathematical calculations with my watch so that

heard recitation bell while sitting in the H's parlor on Craigie St. Just broke my neck by running the whole way back, stumbled on the top step of Harvard Hall and pitched in head over heels. Got to recitation in time, but for about half hour felt completely used up. Scud took tea with us and Gene and Scud ambled gracefully about Mrs. Sawin's and the yard practicing the redowa waltz.

March 21. Sloppy, misty and disagreeable. Mr. Bowen had me up last man and last two minutes. Mr. Lane also did the polite thing by me. Although I did have so little sleep last night I was wide awake all the a.m. as possible till 12, when fell asleep and slept over dinner, which fact it took me some little while to appreciate, for I dressed me for dinner before I fully comprehended that it was now past dinner time. I was awakened by rehearsal over my head which continued with most infernal noise for about one and a half hours. Took a stew at Kent's at about 4 and went to R.'s room.

March 22. Went to Tommy Hill's first lecture today. Rather dry. Read over my history and amused myself by putting the room to rights. p.m. Torrey got rather disgusted when one half the division came in about seven minutes past, and his indignation reached highest pitch when Peirce named Bolingbroke as Charles the First's great backer, and let us out in a rage at 4.20, greatly to our delight. Went to the H.'s party in Boston; left there early and managed to catch the last car.

March 23. After reciting to Dr. P. and Mr. Lane, read till dinner Miss Bacon's essay ridiculing Shakespeare's claims to Shakespeare's plays. After dinner called on Robb. Had a very pleasant talk as usual. Went up to my room and after fooling some time with Put, shaved, put on dress suit and went into town.

Saturday, March 24. Sloppy, snowy, rainy and nasty. About a couple of inches of snow and water on the ground, gradually liquefying still more by the rain. After dinner and Peab's lecture, went to see Prex. Gave me my subject for disquisition on Junior Exhibition, namely, "Female Extravagance in Juvenal's style," which is rather startling. He pleased me by telling me I had materially improved my standing since last year. After looking at my metaphysics went into town about one. By this time it had begun to snow again.

March 25. Spat snow in the a.m. Went to church and heard Dr. Thomas Hill. p.m. Went to church and heard (part of the time) Mr. Hale. Cleared up in p.m. Cold and infernally windy. Read "Midsummer Night's Dream." Also came across a sketch of Delia Bacon in Mrs. Farrar's "Recollections of Seventy Years," which interested me. Out to Cambridge in the evening. Was delighted to find comfortable fire in my room to greet me. After studying and napping went to bed with the wind making music around the corner of the building.

March 26. Tom P. came back Friday night from Newport with eyes thoroughly renovated! Mr. Bowen was rather disgusted with the style of recitation, though I don't know when hardly I have been so much amused. Received back our Latin exercises from Mr. Lane. After dinner visited the library. Met F. Crowninshield and bade him good bye.

March 27. Pleasant day at last. After Bowen, read the World and waxed indignant over partisanship and unprincipled conduct of Republican majority in Senator Stockton's case. About eight went out, expecting to have another good old social "sit down" tea at Mr. Lane's, but instead it was a reception, and after enduring the pangs of hunger for some hours was kindly invited to take a cup of chocolate. Came off with some one else's hat which he had left in exchange for mine, which is a decidedly newer and preferable one. About 11.30 Billy Hayes came up highly excited over the rooms for Class Day spread. After a long and somewhat animated conversation as to which should give up Holworthy and which be content with Stoughton the question was left in abeyance while Billy went off to visit every room where he saw a light, coming back to report his success every few minutes.

March 28. Up first man in Mr. Bowen's and squirted in my easy familiar way. Asked Mr. Lane to be on the lookout for my exchanged hat. After Latin had some tiresome interviews about Class Day spread. Read Advertiser. President has vetoed civil rights bill and the Senate have ousted Mr. Stockton by one vote. The connection between the two events is manifest. It is a daring and unprincipled piece of political scheming. Took tea with Tiff's table.

March 29. Rainy, muddy and disagreeable day. Scud and I matched cents all through Mr. Bowen's recitation, greatly to

the delight of the neighboring fellows. Each alternately cleaned the other, the contest being maintained by the lending of sinews of war by outsiders. Mr. B., however, brought the thing to a close, after I had lost my last cent and was appealing for material aid to the charitable souls around me, with, "Stratton, I wish you would stop that play, distracting the attention of all around you. You mustn't think I can't see you," etc., etc. I matched no more cents that a.m. Had an interesting lecture from Professor Wyman on tape worm, etc. Torrey's recitation was rendered entertaining by Lovering, A. M. Leonard, and others. Speech they evidently looked down upon as being silver.

March 30. The usual forensic today attended with the usual procrastination until the last moment and then a regular "devil of a hurry." The literature of Queen Elizabeth's time got rather superficially treated. After forensics took a walk with Put, having first nailed up a letter in the post office to attract notice of man who has got my beaver. It was a glorious afternoon and I enjoyed a walk around Fresh Pond immensely. Evening. Took a look at the eclipse and went to bed.

March 31. Read and loafed in the a.m. Put up another notice for my hat on the Law School. If he is a gentlemen he ought to fetch it. As he is probably a law pill he probably will not. Scud came up and informed me of my election into the Phi Beta Kappa. This is an unexpected honor and pleased me exceedingly. Went to see R. and made him believe the Pi Eta's had elected me Honorary Member. Came to town with old Benny Peirce. We hardly exchanged a blessed word, but walked along side by side speechless. The Connecticut election comes off Monday and is the subject of great interest. It will be a close contest with the issue more or less plainly drawn between Mr. Johnson's policy and that of Congress.

April 1. Beautiful Easter Sunday. I am sorry I didn't get up in time to see the sun dance. Went to church. Mr. Tilden preached and read a long-winded Fast Day proclamation from the Governor. p.m. Attended a vesper service in our old church commemorative of Easter. Came home and began my college scrap book. Came out to Cambridge about eight o'clock, tried to study, but went to sleep. Dozed on and off till about two, then went to bed with a difficult lesson in metaphysics unlearned to be recited at eight and a Latin exercise unpre-

pared to be handed in at ten. "Wake me early, Lally dear, for I'm to be the head (?) of the class."

April 2. According to my instructions Lally waked me when he came in, which, however, was not till six. Got up and till eleven worked like a "son of a gun." Wrote Latin exercise, cutting prayers, till seven. Rushed through hard lesson in metaphysics. Translated Latin in Bowen's recitation. Latin exercise again till ten. Dined at W. L. P.'s table. Evening. Went into the Museum with J. H. R. and W. L. P. on occasion of Mrs. Vincent's benefit to see "As You Like It." Was very glad I went in, but was not very enthusiastic. Warren and Mrs. V. in their respective parts of Touchstone and Audrey were inimitable. A cup of chocolate at Parker's and then out to Cambridge. Beautiful night with lovely moon. Apropos, search for hat still unsuccessful.

April 3. Tried very hard to get a very hard lesson in metaphysics in twenty-five minutes and failed ignominiously. Fortunately was not up. After recitation took a walk with T. S. P. Beautiful morning. Sat and basked in the sun in Mt. Auburn. Went to Torrey's lecture and dozed in company with all the latter part of the class. Went to Professor Wyman's and was as wide awake as could possibly be desired. p.m. Called on Billy Farlow. Slept and studied history. Connecticut election went in favor of Radicals by something under one thousand majority. Post says, "Radicals dumfounded." Perhaps they are, or at any rate, the farce of one party supporting two policies cannot be carried on much longer.

April 4. Learned from R. and Mr. Lane that Mr. Post of New York is probably the man who has my beaver and he is going to New York on the 2.30 p.m. train. Post into town after taking a mouthful of dinner and found the guilty man at the Revere House. Exchanged hats and a few witticisms which Post I am sorry seemed not to appreciate as well as Mr. Lane. Evening. The great Phi Beta Kappa supper. Went in proud as a peacock with Scud, W. L. and a gigantic Scotchman (The Marquis of Breadalbane incog.) in the disgraceful costume of his native country. Was warmly greeted by the assembled brethren. Sat between Gale and Scud. Ate the bill of fare through, Paté a la Financière and all. Many songs—Drone's "Dog Meat Man," Underwood's "Nasty Organ Grinder," Frank

Gray's and John Emery's witticisms, quartette of "Old Hundred," etc., etc.

April 5. Just going to breakfast when bundle came for Put tied with black tape which turned out to be Sparks' "Life of Washington" with a note from Mrs. Sparks. James was much affected and spent the a.m. concocting a suitable answer. Jack Williams and I had a very jolly walk around Belmont, taking it leisurely with poetry and songs. The day was most mildly beautiful and beautifully mild. After dinner loafed around in front of the Holworthy with Wilkie and others. "The 'Rebelliad' is coming out in parts."

April 6. Wonderful to relate, George M. Lane cut us in Latin. Loafed in Put Abercrombie's room to celebrate the cut. Packed my bag to go into town. Got some money and a bottle of "Oeil de Perdrix." Read the "Merchant of Venice." After supper went to the Assembly. After the Assembly I went to Robb's room and he, Bob Oliver and I drank the bottle of sparkling Burgundy and talked over the party. Our only regret was that the party and the wine gave out so soon.

Saturday, April 7. First time on record heard prayer bell and was so devilish sleepy that I forgot it had any personal claim on my attention. After lecture called on George M. Lane to get his advice as to that disquisition. He was the pink of courtesy and recommended Tacitus, Juvenal and a German article to be read to me by some kind friend. Walked into town with Tom Perry.

April 8. Woke up and found it snowing and beautiful sleighing on the housetops. Went no further down town in the a.m. than Mr. Hale's church. Nap and a little metaphysics. Out to Cambridge in the evening. Read some of the delicious Sixth Satire of Juvenal for the disquisition and after welcoming Put with open arms went to bed.

April 9. Beautiful day. After Bowen's recitation had no Latin to get as we get back our exercises today, so loafed some time in Frank Wright's room where he and I drove Jack wild with little jokes about the absent one in Brattleboro. After Torrey's, walked around Fresh Pond with T. S. P.

April 10. Scud and I had our usual number of little jokes in Mr. Bowen's recitation which we enjoyed without exciting the animadversion of that "ugly dream," our preceptor. After

metaphysics, Jack W., Scud, Put and I walked around Fresh Pond via Concord Turnpike and railroad track, meeting with no adventure beyond Jack's bearing off the M.'s gate to let Miss B. in. Evening. Wasted a little time on disquisition. Disappointed as to the theatre, for R. and I had intended going in, but read in the evening paper, "Unexpected Illness of Mr. Kean —Cathcart as Othello!" Accordingly stayed out in Cambridge. "Collegian" has attracted unfavorable notice in the Faculty.

April 11. This day was unusually devoid of excitement. Cutting prayers and squirting in Mr. Torrey's alone relieved its tedious monotony. Fritz Dabney has moved into Stoughton. Miss S. in all the effulgence of her glorious beauty waited on us at tea, while Miss Adams was with great effort heard on the piano above. The disquisition and the subscription German move on with equal and snail-like tread.

April 12. In Mr. Bowen's recitation Scud and I amused ourselves with little jokes regarding stone coffin; that is to say, the young man afflicted with anchylosis. We came to the conclusion it was a mere Canard (Kennard). Yale singing men were out today. Collation at Brown's. Everett brings out two noblemen (!), Lord Lorn and a Mr. Strutt, who caused quite a sensation. I did not have the pleasure of seeing them. Professor Wyman showed us all about the little pigs in embryo which gave us quite an appetite for dinner. Evening. Put went over to Brookline to serenade. I wrote Latin exercise.

April 13. After Latin took short walk with T. S. P. Went with him to see Mr. Krauss, jolly old party, who dragged Scud into the work of translating a German essay on Juvenal for me. Had the novel pleasure of loafing on forensic day and went in calmly to hear the others read. Went to see them play ball after Bowen's.

April 14. Went to Peab.'s lecture and took it down like an agile young reporter. Then I went to Scud's room and heard him translate the German from Philologus, bless his kind heart! Next went into town with R. and alas! Cut services in chapel in commemoration of Sons of Harvard slain in the war. Warmly welcomed by family, dined and slept all p.m. After tea left for Cambridge again to write in peace the delightful disquisition

Sunday, April 15. Waked by prayer bell, but didn't see inside of chapel. Breakfasted with T. S. P. Before church wrote three

or four sentences in disquisition, but none were satisfactory. Bellamy Storer called for me to go to church with him. Became completely tired out hopping up and down in the hot church till, with good old Unitarian bigotry, I refused to rise any more. Took walk with T. S. P., R. and John Curtis and wrote one more sentence. Heard that one of our class seeing Lord Lorn and Strutt being taken up to the Porcellian, said, "How strange George Welles should take Lord Lorn to treat him at Kent's." Worked till 12.30 on disquisition.

April 18. All day when not occupied with lessons was busy over disquisition, which I finally finished before I went to bed.

April 19. Copied my disquisition for Stubby. Attended a very stupid lecture from T. Hill, during which general laughter was excited by his weak way of chuckling over his statements. "Final causes as barren as vestal virgins." p.m. Extremely warm and summerish. Donned my thinnest coat and carried the "part" to Mr. Child, returning with a much lighter heart.

April 20. Got my part back from Stubby, completely castrated, the pith and originality all extracted. Slept from twelve to one. p.m. squandered.

April 21. Received appointment from Mr. Jennison to rehearse Monday. Read some passages from "Henry Esmond," for which I was just in humor. Meeting on Medal of Phi Beta Kappa in Fiske's room and have the honor of being nominated on committee in regard to purchasing a new die, also signing the Constitution. Come home and write my life.

April 22. Just as sultry as yesterday. Customary morning visit to the Sanctuary.

Monday, April 23. In a roar of laughter during the greater part of Mr. Bowen's recitation. Read my part to Perry and Parker and derived encouragement for my despondent soul. Rehearsal at two. Bogy was also full of smiles and approval.

April 24. Attended Mr. Torrey's and Professor Wyman's lecture this a.m. At the former discussed incidentally Missouri Compromise, Wilmot's Proviso, etc. After dinner went down to Warren's with Scud and sat for my picture. He thought I was pretty successful in getting a wooden expression.

April 25. p.m. Organ grinder occasioned some excitement.

April 26. The building behind University was unusually vocal, in consequence unusually pleasant. "Lightly Row"

was the favorite. Kettell's "Old Oaken Bucket" was summarily overturned and sat upon. Ran all the way to T. Hill's lecture which may have been very interesting, but was entirely inaudible where I sat from the pleasant vagaries of Wilkinson and others. Wyman's lecture and dinner. p.m. Helped (?) Put in his frantic agonies over class song. Get proof of my photograph.

April 27. Delightful forensic again today accompanied with usual amount of procrastination and after repentance and hurry. After forensics, took a walk with Scud. Evening. Like a faithful scholar read over Dr. Peab's next lecture, although I knew I should not be able to be present at the recitation.

April 29. Read couple of acts in "Antony and Cleopatra." Borrowed gown of the sexton for exhibition day. Evening. Out to Cambridge. Met Peckham, who is anticipating expulsion because of continuation of Collegian under new name, first number of which is to appear tomorrow.

April 30. The old amusing joke on Mr. John Lally, asking him to wake me up and then absolutely refusing to get up. To pay for this I was obliged to work like a Trojan till ten on metaphysics, Latin exercise, etc. Rehearsed to Stubby. Saw my name in print! Read DeQuincey's "Avenger." p.m. Dozed somewhat, studied somewhat. After Torrey's, spent an hour very pleasantly in Perry's room. Discussed Phi Beta Kappa medal with Hawes. Evening. Come up to my solitary room. Put. over at Milton. Read some of DeQuincey and life of Benvenuto Cellini. William Blake comes up to try on Mr. Tilden's gown.

May 1. Scud came up to the room and we amused ourselves with divers comic pictures of divers ways of disgracing ourselves at the Exhibition, coming on together very drunk, etc., etc., and at all of which we nearly burst with laughter. After this folly I proceeded very soberly to dress and rehearse my piece. Billy Blake comes up with gown and soon I am pacing the entry in University, heart beating somewhat, but no fear, no trepidation, no apprehension! Tom Perry came around to shake me by the hand and when the fatal moment arrived, however, I was perfectly self-possessed, and when it was over I was happy as a lark that the blessed thing was off my mind. About 4.30 sat again for my photograph with E. W. Wright as faithful friend and attendant.

May 2. p.m. Stoughton 25 went to sleep, Put in bed room,

I on sofa. Put wished to wake at four to go to recitation, I to get a lesson. Consequence was I woke at 4.15, Put at 4.40 in a state of wild excitement.

May 5. Quite delightful to be able to do full justice to breakfast with a lecture instead of recitation at eight. After lecture another attempt was made toward a full meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa medal committee, but without success.

May 8. After Bowen's walked around Fresh Pond. At last through my exertions the Phi Beta Kappa committee met and decided, "Non possumus." Dined with Frank Wright at Mrs. E. Brown's. p.m. Ned and Put Abercrombie having joined the table we grew uproarious. At Breakfast the "Song of Welcome" was raised at intervals all through the meal. At supper mirth was unrestrained and music ditto.

May 9. Bowen's and Lane's went off about as usual, the good old standard jokes with Storey in the former and E. W. Wright in the latter. Perry and I sat for our photographs again. After tea I went down to boat houses which are in admirable trim and neat condition, having just been remodelled and rebuilt. Did not see the Harvard, but had pleasure of looking at and listening to Messrs. Fenno and Blaikie of that distinguished crew. Was further gratified by the embarking of the Freshman and the disbarking of the Scientifics, the latter with very wet tails.

May 10. Stale, flat and unprofitable; that is to say, comparatively speaking. The usual course of recitations and the lecture from T. Hill, D.D. Visit to R.'s room, a nap. Meals attended to with neatness and despatch. Evening. Party at the L.'s. With forensic, and lesson unlearned and June bug flying over my head, I leave a note for John Lally and put out the light.

May 11. One more glorious old field day in Forensics. 400 lines of 6th Satire in review. Lane's room hot as an oven, he himself in an overcoat. I slumbered peacefully. About twenty minutes past eleven began the usual old struggle, a fortnight's work crowded into a little less than two hours. "Civic and Moral Life." Nearly burst a blood vessel, because I had to read. However, knocked the durned thing off my hands at last and felt much better,—sounded about as well as any of them. After forensics as usual felt gay as a lark. Talked with Scud in Massachusetts entry about an hour on Class Day spreads and kindred

other topics,—our plans for next year, whether Europe, proctorship or Divinity Hall.

May 12. Very hot. Class meeting of 15 or 20. Received resignations of President, Chorister, etc., for class supper and it was immediately voted to give up the class supper. The whole club table goes into Mr. Black's to sit for their photograph.

Sunday, May 13. Having taken an ante-church nap, did *not* go to sleep in the sermon. Received the cheering intelligence of no more afternoon services! Accordingly enjoyed delightfully unbroken repose after dinner. Finished "Antony and Cleopatra." Glorious old play! Went out to Cambridge. Enjoyed a social glass or two of lemonade and claret with Frank Harris, after which metaphysics, after which bed.

May 14. This morning, being a quarter of a minute later than usual leaving Stoughton 25 at five and three quarter minutes past the hour, and Pratt and W. P. Stoddard one quarter of a minute later, I did not get to recitation until just as Mr. B. was calling my name. After Bowen's, R. came up and rather interfered with those four hundred lines of Juvenal. Half an hour to get history in, but fortunately Mr. Torrey gave us an interesting lecture on Monachism.

May 15. Table photograph came out. Varied opinions as to its excellence. Perry and I for the nineteenth time proceed to Warren's to sit for our photographs. Torrey's lecture wordy and full of repetitions. p.m. Long nap. Many things not done that should have been, some done that should have been left undone. On the whole, wasted and generally profitless.

May 16. To town. Loafed about in book-stores, visited three engravers and collected estimates of prices. At dinner the "Dream Book" was the excitement and amusement. Delighted Mr. Torrey with one of those model recitations. Supper was preceded and followed by two excitements respectively, namely, solemn (?) conclave on the Class Day card business and delivery and impromptu rehearsal of the Class song.

May 18. Any number of hundreds of lines to review in Juvenal this a.m., of which I learned but few, and accordingly had to work like a dog all through recitation while men were deading all around me. After recitation read some of "Comedy of Errors" and got some of my part. After supper read Shakespeare to an alarming extent.

May 19. Felt somewhat restless and out of sorts. Soothed myself with profuse reading of Shakespeare and selections from "Golden Treasury."

May 22. Still somewhat rainy. Rose sleepy, tired and cross. Gloom somewhat disappeared by the pictures of missionary life Scud and I drew in Mr. Bowen's recitation. We nearly burst over the bills of fare at the Timbuctoo Hotels and glimpses of Timbuctoo life, etc., etc. Came up to room and wrung my breast by taking off that precious moustache. After lecture went into town.

May 23. Jumped the Tacitus with W. L. Parker. After Latin spent an hour in R.'s room. p.m. Went to sleep at 3.30. Indistinctly heard Put go to recitation at four. Remember nothing else till he waked me at 5.06. Came to Torrey's late with lesson unlearned, as did the same in mathematics. It was quite a commendable day's record. Evening. Rehearsal of class song, etc.

May 24. Grand photographic day. Phi Beta Kappa on Litbrary steps, Class group, after Hill's lecture, in front of Harvard Hall. After this, killed half an hour very lazily with Wilkie. p.m. Nodded assiduously over my history. The usual amusing deaf and dumb telegraph with Tom Perry in history recitation. Evening. Gene, Sam Abbott and I rushed up to the Observatory, looked at a star, looked at the moon and rushed down again.

May 25. Between nine and ten got Tacitus with W. L. Then came the last forensic; thank God. A long talk with Put in which I dexterously upset his views and spoiled the forensic which he had already prepared. The usual agony and the grand deliverance! The next two hours were so happy that I was obliged to waste them in Scud's and W. L.'s rooms.

May 26. Squirted for the last time under good old Dr. Peab. who bade us an affectionate farewell. It seemed then as if we really are to leave soon.

May 27. Put and I make out a list of Class Day invitees and concoct a scheme of diverting invitations. Metaphysics and a midnight session.

May 28. Squirted delightfully to Mr. Bowen. Accordingly during the remainder of recitation Scud and I enjoyed ourselves in the good old style, our favorite jokes being Mr. Gardner's overeating himself at the Class Day spread and the lamentable death of Orator Storey, not very amusing, still they nearly caused

our disgrace at Mr. B.'s hands. Prodigious showers all day. p.m. Event was arrival of our Class Day card which was discussed thoroughly, and final decision arrived at that I should suggest alterations to the engraver.

May 29. Mr. Torrey's lecture on the divisions of Europe. After lecture a Class Day invitation discussion in S. 25. Scud and I raised merry—and jocose idiocy rules the hour; in fact, I hardly recovered from the fit all day. Harvard Nine left for New York this p.m. Went over to Perry's room and read the Advocate with faithful assiduity, every line and every word as I read nothing else except Shakespeare and the Bible.

June 3. Breakfasted at E. Brown's, discussed the base ball matches in New York with John Emery.

June 5. Got up at half past five to study forty pages of logic. After lecture went into town about that infernal bore of Class Day spread. May's History was rather interfered with in fact I was obliged to ask Prof. T. again to excuse me. Went with Scud to Commons, better supper than $\frac{9}{10}$ of Sawin's.

June 6. Dr. Peab. sailed today for Europe. At prayers appeared Dr. Hill and a hideous sounding board.

June 7. Rather slurred Mr. Bowen's forty pages. *Of course* shall get up these things before examination! Walked into town with T. S. P. and rode out with same. Worked like a dog for an hour over Class Day invitations with Scud. After dinner slurred over Mr. Torrey's forty pages. Took a walk with R., T. S. P. and Scud. The two latter murdered canker worms all the way along. Rehearsal of class song after supper and rest of evening spent on Class Day matters. Scud and I preserved an equanimity and flow of spirits perfectly wonderful, though Emerson and Williams did lose their temper and that perjured and inferior engraver did send us 25 instead of 175 envelopes and 100 instead of 300 cards!

June 8. Only one recitation and no forensic, thank Heaven. Went into town, found the engraver had not touched my order of Thursday. Gave the wretch fits and left for Cambridge with a few hundred envelopes. Worked an hour on Class Day matters and from half past three till half past ten kept at it. Scud and I were the life of the party and alone maintained "system."

June 9. Rush off and work on the invitations again. Conclude to go to J. K. Paine's concert in the chapel. The perform-

ance was very good except the organ solo, Toccata in the Key of F, the monotony of which was varied by the organ's breaking down two or three times. The audience, which had the appearance of chief mourners at the funeral of the late Gen. Scott, gave the first signs of life. As for myself, I was never so sorely tempted to give a first-class warwhoop in my life and undoubtedly should have disgraced myself had it not been for the catastrophe to the organ.

June 10. Gazette, church and a slight (and very slight) dip into Bowen's logic rather exhausted the morning. Another look at Mr. B'.s delightful Treatise and two hours nap and a letter to Mother did the same office for the p.m. Evening. Worked on the invitations and on the logic. Got a hard week before me. Class Day and examinations both so near, not to mention the little parties and calls. Ah, well a day!

June 11. The last day of the invitation muddle. Scud and I entertained ourselves with concocting startling letters to the engraver with warning postscripts. Shaw being absent, Mr. Bowen perceived us whispering and as usual came down on me with, "I wish you would," etc.

June 13. Last recitation with George M. was a delightful surprise. Kept in only five minutes. E. W. Wright and I shook hands affectionately and dropped a few heartfelt and invisible tears. Read up some of May's history. Last recitation to old Torrey. Shook the old bench and squirted for the last time.

June 14. Last college recitation. Scud and I employed it in going over the good times we had had in the recitations of the last four years. We came to the conclusion that we had had more fun out of them than most men. We rehearsed some of the old jokes which used to convulse us in Freshmen and Sophomore years, such as Jimmy Mills shaving and shampooing the globe, etc., etc., but nine o'clock struck, and Storey, Storwhacker and Stratton went out for the last time. Torrey gave us a voluntary lecture at four, a very good one although we didn't all weep as we expected. After supper got back to my digging with occasional intercessions from 7.30 till 3.30. "Would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well."

June 15. Examination in history and Latin. Passed very fairly. Took glass of ale with W. L. and went to sleep till dinner. Dug like fun on metaphysics all the time till supper. After sup-

per till ten stayed in Robb's room and concurred with Mr. E. Brown that it was "very hard to have to study Strawberry Night." I didn't take my clothes off all night, although I slept over two hours on the lounge till J. Lally came in.

June 16. Two hours after that I was seated in Harvard Hall again and again came out very creditably!! After that was over felt perfectly happy. Nothing at all to look forward to; no forensic, no metaphysics at eight, no nothing. I didn't give a ——. Sold some clothes to Molineaux and left for town.

June 17. Breakfasted sumptuously (?) *chez* Mme. Sawin. p.m. Read Christie Johnstone. Four. Baccalaureate sermon from T. Hill, was not moved or impressed in any way. Good average sermon. Scud and I managed to have our little jokes as usual, which rather interfered with our singing of the Baccalaureate hymn. Church very crowded.

June 18. Breakfast first-class carrion. Rainy! Rainy! Put, A. M. Leonard and I had a glorious old sing. Directed a few more invitations to keep my hand in. Attempted to study for Mr. Lane's examination, but W. L. enticed me away with his specious reasoning.

June 19. John Lally was to wake me early, but instead roused Put, so that I got about twenty minutes on my Latin examination, which was rather a stiff one. George M. treated us rather roughly considering that we were so soon to part.

June 21. A good deal played out. Breakfasted alone at quarter of ten. At five o'clock went to see the Prex and did several other little errands. Evening. Last rehearsal in front of Harvard Hall. Afterwards Tom Perry, Scud and I went out and sat on the Library steps. It was an evening I don't think either of us will soon forget. A lovely moon and delightfully cool atmosphere and so we sat and talked over all our old college days and looked forward into the future, then slowly walking back to the buildings and the active world again. This was the reason why I went to bed at 10.30 instead of 8.00 as I had purposed.

Friday, June 22. On this eventful and never-to-be-forgotten day I rise with the eight o'clock lark and with all my hurrying managed to arrive with face gashed and bleeding from the razor in front of Holworthy before the procession starts, but at this point I am waylaid by two comparative strangers, females,

whom I am obliged to hurry off to church. Return breathless my place in the ranks, too warm and too flurried to appreciate that we are really marching out into the world. The usual exercises are gone through, *of course* with unusual fervor and success, for a full account of which I refer you to the public prints. At the Lovering's, where we breakfasted, were any number of pretty girls, not to mention several of the other kind. Start off again with the glorious old "Come Jolly Comrades Let's Be Merry" and back into the church. Scud's oration very good indeed. To make everything happy it comes out that he is one for the year. Everybody kind as possible. Then came the tree. At the ring J. T. and I called in our amusing way for hat brushes, Sang class song. At Coppenhagen's suggestion I climb on his shoulders and get a bouquet for each of us from the tree. Sat in the window seat till eleven till old Sixty-six went out one by one. Then I ought to have gone to bed, but did not, but instead went to Dinsmoor's Punch. Finally went to bed about 4.45, leaving a note on my boots for John Lally to take to T. S. P.

June 23. Woke at 9.15, having been summoned to the Prex at 8.30 precisely. Heard commencement parts read by Ned Clark. Very hot day. Wilkie remarks "I wish yesterday were two days off." Breakfast with T. S. P. Sleep a good portion of the day.

June 25. Come out to Cambridge. Presented photograph bill to father and feel very much ashamed at such a large amount.

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Wednesday, July 18. Not quite so tropical as yesterday. T. S. P. and I roused ourselves at eight and hurried to E. Brown's, after which met mother and sister and put them into Dr. Newell's church, for contrary to my advice they had come out to hear Charles speak his piece. Nearly broke my neck to be dressed in time and all a muck o' sweat rushed down to take my place with cap and gown beside Billy Blake in the procession, which was a very imposing one. After a short stop at Gore Hall waiting for the Governor (during which all the "part"-men were saying over their speeches. No excitement, no trepidation!) we all marched over to the church. By this time I and my collar were pretty well wilted. The performances were about as stupid as usual. The church was comfortably filled on account of the hot weather. Our class went out *en masse* as soon as possible to the

'65 punch, though most of my friends were back in time to hear that famous Bu*reau* of education, which went off famously, with the exception of a broad grin on catching Perry's eye. Scud's and Bob's were tip-top; Scud's was the best I heard. The degrees were conferred in the usual slipshod, shambling way, and 103 young gents went out Alumni of Harvard College. Dined at E. Brown's, after which watched the procession to the Commencement dinner, and it was a very amusing one. Finally, being told that some tickets would be distributed to the graduating class, some of us joined the tail of the procession, and after oscillating some time between Harvard and Music Halls, brought up at last in the former. Perry, Storey, Curtis and I were together at one of the tables, and had a jolly good time watching the proceedings. A letter was read from the oldest graduate, Thatcher, '93, and then speech called for from youngest living graduate. Perry poked me and endeavored to incite me to rise, but I yielded in favor of Governor Bullock. At Commons the younger graduates were assembled and held high jinks under the lead of Theodore Lyman. Saw rather an amusing scene between Sophy and "delegation from class of '60." . . . . . .

July 27. At one went down to Worcester depot to meet Scud, who agreed to go with me to the college regatta at Worcester. Thacher Loring went with us on the train, which was a whacker and contained several Cambridge and other ladies of my acquaintance, also Jim Putnam and Ned Lowell. Scud and I went to a stand on the causeway, a beautiful point for seeing the races, but none of our friends were there. We were very despondent, and as usual joked excessively and weakly on everything and our despondency included. We rather looked up after the Scientific race, and when the old crimson caps came in ahead in the University race, the scene and my feelings were unexampled and highly excited. Scud and I howled until we were hoarse and then howled again, after which we rushed to the bridge and howled once more, and then rushed to the boat house, where I lost sight of Scud, and rushing in on my own hook, embraced everybody and howled for a quarter of an hour. I went into the boat house and rubbed down Wilkinson, and the scene inside, for its wildness and happiness, fully equalled the scene outside. When I went to look for Scud he had disappeared, together with every one else, for the cars (they were all wet through waiting

for them) so rode up with the two crews (Scientific and College), Elliot, who built the boat, Ned Clark, the two Lewis boys; and a happy and uproarious party we were, cheering, shouting, "Hit her up" in wildest manner. Arriving at the farm house we had more cheering and shouting, also lime punch and champagne. It rained like guns all through the University race, and now it began again with redoubled violence. At 8 however it ceased, and we rode over to Worcester in an omnibus, still, of course, happier and more uproarious, marched into the Bay State two by two, flags at head, singing "Fair Harvard," then to Chamberlin's. Stopped on the way to let Tom Motley and me send despatches; at Chamberlin's more happy excitement, then to Governor Bullock's, and then back again to the Bay State, where high and prolonged revels were celebrated.